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ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

VERY familiar to most of our readers, no doubt, through the popular chromo, is the picture of the Vestal Virgin, with her white veil and her burning lamp. This is said to be the portrait of the artist by whom it was painted—and certainly, even with the contrary effect of the shrouding veil and the flowing hair, with the difference in posture, the face is the same as that which heads this article.

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Among the many notable names which grace the annals of the last century, that of Angelica Kauffman stands pre-eminent. She was one of the wonders of the age in which she lived, not only from her sweet, pure style of composition, but because, up to her time, scarce any woman had attained real distinction in the world of art.

Maria Angelica Kauffman was born in 1742, at Coire, in Switzerland. She was the daughter of Joseph Kauffman, a portrait painter. At a very

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early age, she discovered a passion for music and painting, which was encouraged by her father, who instructed her in the elements of design, and procured her the best instructors in music. Her advancement in both arts was so extraordinary as to induce her father to take her to Italy, where she could have the best advantages for improvement. In 1757, he accordingly took her to Milan, where she applied herself diligently in copying from the old

sire. She enjoyed the friendship of the great; among others, of Sir Joshua Reynolds. In 1769, she was elected a member of the Royal Academy, and her popularity continued unbounded.

When she was at the height of prosperity—affluent, respected, admired, caressed—she made an unfortunate marriage, which embittered all her subsequent life. She was deceived by the footman of a German count, who passed himself off for his master,



GIRL WRITING.

masters and painting from her own fancy. In 1763 she went to Naples, and the following year to Rome, where her talents and accomplishments gained her abundant admiration and patronage. Here she won the friendship of Lady Wentworth, wife of the British ambassador, who induced her to accompany her to England, which she did in 1765, where she was received with the most marked distinction. She resided in England seventeen years, receiving every honor and reward that the most ambitious could de-

and when the cheat was discovered, ran away with her money and jewels. But, seven years later, she was happily married to Signor Zucchi, an Italian artist, whom she accompanied to Rome in 1782, where she continued to exercise her talents with undiminished success and reputation, until her death, in 1807.

Such, in brief, is the account that may be gleaned regarding this highly-gifted woman. We can almost see the young girl in the studio of her artist-father,

timidly essaying to produce something beautiful with his paints, growing more and more confident as his approbation increases; playing soft airs for him in the twilight, as he rests after a toilsome day; accompanying that beloved father to another land, losing him, perhaps, when she felt she needed him most; continuing her pursuits faithfully, and, when older, her pleasure and pride, as distinction, wealth and fame pour in on her, marred, it may be, only by the sorrow that he could not rejoice with her.

Then, suddenly, heart-breaking grief and overwhelming mortification, prior to a heavy cloud overshadowing her life for years. Honors are still heaped upon her; but to her they are as nothing now. But we see her again in another land, happy in a new love, receiving as before the homage of the world, and living to a peaceful and revered age.

As an artist, it is said of her that "Her forte lay in those poetical and mythological subjects in which the youthful figure could be introduced in all the charms of graceful attitude, and these subjects she treated in a fascinating manner peculiarly her own. Her pictures are distinguished by an air of mild and virginal purity. She had a fine taste. She drew correctly; her figures are generally modeled after the antique; her compositions are graceful, and her coloring sweet and harmonious, and well suited to her subjects."

She etched a few plates in a spirited style, sometimes after her own designs, and at others after Correggio, of which the following are the principal: Portrait of John Winkelman; The Marriage of St. Catherine; The Virgin and Child; A Girl Writing; A Youth in Meditation; Bust of an Old Man with a Beard; Bust of an Old Man Reading; Bust of an Artist, with a Crayon in his Hand; Two Philosophers, with a Book; Hope; A Young Female Embracing an Urn; L'Allegro; Il Penseroso.

But it was not only Angelica Kauffman's mission to be an artist. It remained for her to prove conclusively that a woman may attain the highest distinction in any pursuit, and thereby lose none of the grace and loveliness which mark the true woman. And so for woman's and humanity's sakes, as well as art's, may we be glad that she has lived.

## THE SPHERE AND POWER OF USE.

**I**N all useful employments there is, for the mind, a sustaining power.

"How were you able to live through that great affliction?" was asked of a gentleman, who had, some years before, lost his only son, a promising young man, just as he had finished his education, and was about taking his place on the stage of active, professional life.

"It was the severest blow I had ever felt," replied the gentleman; "a blow that caused every fibre in my heart to quiver. But I was able to bear it."

"I give you credit for possessing great fortitude. Such a blow would have carried me to the earth."

"No; I do not possess more fortitude than other

men," was replied. "I did not stand up in my own strength."

"But put your trust in Heaven."

"I did."

"You had strong confidence. How many look up and pray for strength in affliction, and yet find none."

"I did not ask strength as a gift from Heaven," replied the gentleman.

"No!" The friend spoke in a tone of surprise.

"For the power to bear affliction cannot be conferred upon any one merely in answer to prayer."

"I do not comprehend your meaning," said the friend.

"A man might pray forever that God would sustain him in affliction, and yet find no comfort, if he did not put himself in the way of consolation."

"How is he to put himself in the way?"

"By engaging in useful employments. But for this resource, I should have sunk down into gloomy despondency, and been wretched beyond description. While my boy lay sick, and my heart was trembling in fear of his loss, I did not omit a single professional duty. I went regularly to my office, and transacted every item of business with scrupulous exactness, specially regarding, as I did so, the good of those who had called upon me for service. And when death removed my son, I did not sit down in my affliction and pray for sustaining grace. That would have been worse than idle. But I went daily to my office, and devoted as much time and attention to my professional duties as before. Thus, the sphere of use sustained me. Had I neglected a single case in my hands; had I sought relief in a cessation of work, and tried to divert my mind from its sorrow by visiting new scenes, I would have sunk into the deepest gloom. As it was, however, I was kept in a state of resignation that occasionally approached cheerfulness. Sometimes I wonder at the fortitude with which I went through the fiery trial; but when I reflect upon it, I see clearly wherein lay the strength by which I kept my head above the waters."

Yes, strength to bear affliction with becoming patience is only given in the degree that the sufferer engages in useful work. Then thought turns itself away from sorrow, and becomes interested in the well-being and well-doing of others; and into such a state of mind there is an influx of healing from Heaven.

This is a secret of life that all would do well to lay up in their hearts; if not for present, yet for future use. Few pass far on their journey without the need of comfort, and here is a source of true consolation to which all may go in sorrow.

GOD respects not the arithmetic of our prayers, how many they are; nor the rhetoric of our prayers, how long they are; nor the music of our prayers, how melodious they are; nor the logic of our prayers, how methodical they are—but the divinity of our prayers, how heart-sprung they are. Not gifts, but graces, prevail in prayer.

## AN OUTING.

IF you want to study your fellow-creatures, take a boat-trip during the summer holidays. That is, providing you live in town; if in the country, your grand opportunity occurs when city boarders come. They manage to get a good deal of human nature on board an excursion steamer. I know this to be a fact as far as Philadelphia is concerned, and conclude the same custom prevails in other places. Last week I made up a party of one, and went up the Delaware. Not for the purpose mentioned above, but for health and recreation. Human nature exhibited in various aspects being an accompaniment of the journey, not its object. Probably myself and I unconsciously cast into the general fund, contributing duly to the interest of the occasion; as regards that, however, history is mute.

With my book, lunch-basket and bit of work, I appeared to have fortified myself against the tediousness of travel; but, with that dazzle of blue and gold above, that glitter of waters beneath, and those green shore-lines seeming to bridge river and sky—above all, with that stir of child-life and hum of voices about me—these contrivances whereby I expected to improve the time availed me naught. My book remained unread, my bit of work unfinished, and, but for some hungry little ones, the contents of my basket might have been left untasted; there was so much to see, hear, learn and drink in.

I used to think, during our Centennial summer, when people went around with pencil and memorandum-look, what if some one should jot down all the curious speeches they heard? Out on the Exhibition Grounds, and other places, wherever sight-seers congregated and residents were stirred up to unusual interest, had there been a "chief takin' notes" of bits and scraps of talk with the intention of "prentin' 'em," Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" would be nowhere.

However, tongues have been busy time out of mind, and are busy yet. There's always something to keep them going, and one needs not necessarily be a listener, nor have very sharp ears, in order to hear many serious, curious or comical things. Most people seem to labor under the impression that a sense of hearing is denied the majority. Really, the open manner in which individuals are discussed, domestic infelicities aired, and sacred confidences revealed, is absolutely appalling. A friend using the street-cars four times a day, says he envies the deaf in this particular, they never have the secrets of strangers thrust upon them.

Apart from city car, lecture and concert hall revelations, there are odds, ends and tidbits of talk not rightfully ours, yet appropriated innocently, and entertaining in us in their several ways. Through these we catch glimpses of the speaker's life. As in passing a high fence, and being breathed upon by a wind that overleaps it, we are sure there are shrubs, lilacs or roses inside, although we have never had a peep at them, so a pleasant word, a refined sentence

dropping from stranger lips, reveals the sweetness of the heart. Coarser natures unconsciously betray themselves by a single expression, precisely as one whiff from our neighbor's kitchen discloses the fact that he regales himself with that which in the way of food is our especial abomination.

Agreeable, pitiful or curious, even comical, as these half-heard utterances may be, it is wise to take a thoughtful view, and not occupy the post of casual hearers, regarding the speakers as so many instruments giving forth sounds for our own personal gratification. The smallest transaction has a moral significance, and every word and act reveals spiritual relations.

Nevertheless, it is not my design to go down to life's depths in this article any more than on boarding the steamer yesterday I did it with the intention of taking river-soundings. If you are as dreamy and good-for-nothing as I am this August day, your brain could not follow any deeper track than that of the sun-kissed water's surface. Or, if they could, mine will not be the hand to lead them, with this mid-summer heat about them, that storm-mountain rising in the west, and those thunder-chariots rolling overhead. My purpose simply is to drift to the inlet of your mind with such thoughts as floated on the current of mine during that river-trip, then let them leave or tarry as the tide of life about you wills. Allow me, however, before passing along, to drop a very gentle hint. Even as the tiniest bit of drift-wood, rising and falling with the waves, if taken up and examined, has its story to tell, and not in a single chapter, so the trifles I have gathered here, perchance, are something better than they seem; might prove one of the divisions of a volume we may all look into with profit—some cooler day.

Parties out for the purpose of enjoyment seldom give any outward evidence. The reason is, folks are too much afraid of folks. For instance, a jovial gentleman occupying a chair near me, wanted to laugh over his paper, and did, uproariously, once. A hand was promptly laid upon his arm.

"Nathan! Don't! People will think you're crazy," was the wisely admonition.

One of a group of young girls was cut short in a career of merriment by her staid nanima. "Effie, behave yourself! What do you mean, attracting so much attention!" Even wee ones were scolded and snubbed for being happy and showing it. "George! Lida! stop your noise; everybody's looking at you! If you don't mind, I'll leave you home next time."

We're a queer lot, anyway. The prize-package man was on board; he always is, I believe. One of his parcels was laid in the lap of a boy about fourteen. The lad came to his mother who sat near me.

"Look what he gave me!" he said. There was the packet torn open, and a set of gilt shirt-studs revealed. It immediately became evident that the woman knew the prize-package man's "tricks and manners." Instead of cautioning the child beforehand, she berated him when it was too late, saying



in conclusion: "Now you've got to pay for it. Rest assured I sha'n't."

Judging from their appearance, neither had the money to spare, and, from subsequent movements, I presumed it was arranged that they should dodge the prize-man, a difficult as well as a dishonorable proceeding. A little forethought, a few words of advice, would have spared that country boy the terror and humiliation of that day. Pity his mother had so small an amount of good sense, or made such poor use of it.

"I told you not to put on her best. Now, if you'd taken my advice, there would have been no harm done."

This remark called my attention to a group behind me, and, turning just a little way as if to view the other shore, I managed to see the speaker, a brown-haired lady, addressing a fussy-looking blonde mother. Between them stood a very delicate child, some two and a half or three years old, gazing sullenly at a pink sash daubed with peach-stains.

"I'd be ashamed to make such a charity-child of her as you've made of Sybil's children," retorted Mrs. Blonde.

"Sib will go wild when she finds it out. The Smiths are so stylish," replied Miss Brown-Hair, coolly, "but when we get there, I mean the girls shall have a good time without worrying about what they have on."

I took in the situation. The ladies were sisters, this Sybil, a sister too, and those three misses under fourteen, prettily attired in calico suits and sailor hats, were the girls alluded to.

"You'll never catch me disgracing myself for the purpose of letting Claribella tear around like a tomboy," was the sharp reply.

"Were I a mother," answered Miss Brown-Hair, hotly, "I'd far rather disgrace myself, as you call it, by what my children wore than by their pale faces and spindle-legs."

"Good! good!" I cried inwardly, clapping the backs of my book together in noiseless applause.

"I'll put my shawl on it and save it for her; I guess she'll be back presently."

Here, at last, were the lilac and rose-scents blowing over the wall.

This person for whom the chair was to be saved was grim, unsocial, elderly, and alone, yet one of two pleasant-faced ladies, strangers to her from first to last, took thought of her, and volunteered kindness so unobtrusive as to remain unnoticed even by the recipient.

A lady accompanied by her own son and a neighbor's, boys of ten, sent the former to buy a couple of peaches.

"I kept this myself, mother," whispered the child, on returning, "it's the reddest, you see, but then it has this rotten place. I wanted Harry to have the nicest."

Here again was the fragrance overleaping the wall between this lad's life and mine.

A dear heart keeping the meanest, giving the best,

with no more thought of making a merit of the transaction than a flower has of boasting the honey she gives the bee. A little, whispered explanation to his mother, then a careful concealing of the rotten part from a companion who devoured the best greedily without even knowing there was a choice.

These are a few of the incidents occurring on the up and down trip. I couldn't begin to tell all, because some are not worth telling, while the real meaning of others was merely guessed at. Beside, I must have missed considerable, for, beyond this jumble of creatures with their several purposes and interests, stretched that blue-gold breadth of river and that vari-tinted landscape. Then, too, as we swung inland, there were others of my fellow-mortals challenging my attention. Some commonplace enough in their appearance and occupation; others making pictures, statues and poems of themselves.

I must make this remark right here; I do think if ever a young girl looks charming it is while she waits at the landing to see a steamer push in or out, or stands at a country station to watch the train go by.

"As I sailed, as I sailed," I saw the diamond flash of waves, and beheld an enchanting panorama of rural and semi-rural views, yet one of the loveliest of sights was that breadth of still water close along the shore. Slipping out of the hurry and worry of the fretted tide, it was like a quiet, Christian life, kept, not from the world, but from the evil that is in the world.

We had our pair of lovers with us. Like the prize-package man, I guess they are always on board. Not the same couple, of course, yet telling the self-same story. I was glad to have them near me in the amber and purple of the closing day; glad they felt enough at home in my presence to go on whispering their sweet nothings without let or hindrance.

Once, reading over an article to a friend, I was told, "That's a good place to stop;" now, lest you weary of these unsweetened nothings, I'll consider this the "good place" and stop.

"All things have something more than barren use;

"The clodded earth goes up in sweet-breathed flowers,  
In music dies poor human speech;  
And into beauty blow these hearts of ours  
When love is born in each.

"Life is transfigured in the soft and tender  
Light of love, e'en as a volume dun  
Of rolling smoke becomes a wreathed splendor  
In the declining sun."

MADGE CARROL.

At the best we all go stumbling along in the mists of this life, and cannot see the consequences of our own acts to ourselves or others; but through all mischief and mistake it is sure to come right at last with those who trust God and try to keep His laws—else were life a failure, and annihilation a grace.

FEATURES alone do not run in the blood; vices and virtues, genius and folly, cheerful and melancholy tempers are transmitted through the same sure but unseen channel.—*Hazlitt*.

## CAIRO.

**W**HATEVER is ancient, whatever is Oriental, whatever is celebrated, and whatever is unlike the things most familiar to us, is sure to exercise a remarkable fascination over us. Eminent will the Western traveler feel the truth of this when gazing for the first time on the ancient, Oriental, celebrated and strange city of Cairo. In the midst of a country whose civilization is older than the oldest known antiquity, and whose history in stone and in letters transcends all written of all nations, this famous city, though it has been described to us, over and over again, from our earliest childhood, until we think we know the whole story, still excites within us feelings of intense interest and curiosity.

tall houses with hanging balconies, mosques with airy minarets, noisy, picturesque bazaars, old fountains, and narrow streets and lanes of hard baked clay, crowded with people of all possible colors, nations, costumes and degrees of vocal capacity, jostling with each other, and with camels, horses, dogs and donkeys. A splendid view of the city may be obtained from the ancient citadel. The mosques and busy streets are spread out before us, while in the distance, beyond the inlet of the Delta, are the Pyramids and the hazy desert.

One of the most interesting sights is the interior of a mosque. It is furnished in perfect simplicity. No statues or pictures are permitted in it; and no seats are needed, for the people prefer to sit on the carpet. There is a pulpit from which the people are some-



CAIRO FROM THE ANCIENT CITADEL.

Does it not seem strange to think of entering into a prehistoric world by a modern railroad? To leave Alexandria, with its associations of the Great Alexander, of the renowned Library, of the illustrious Hypatia, behind a locomotive? To survey the rich, fertile expanse of the Delta, with its graceful palm-trees, to the accompaniment of a steam-whistle? To see, in the wretched mud-villages, and half-clad inhabitants, a remnant of old, barbarous ages, so near the railroad-track? To catch a first glimpse of the eternal Pyramids from a car-window? To step out upon the soil of Rameses and Cambyzes amid the bustle and confusion of a railroad depot? But by such a series of anachronisms does one reach Cairo.

And what is Cairo? It is a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, a collection of ancient ruins

times addressed by the moolah. With the utmost reverence and decorum, the worshipers kneel with their faces toward Mecca, nothing disturbing the solemnity of the place.

Exactly opposite in character, but not less in interest, are the bazaars. Ranged along the most crowded streets, these arcades are covered at the top by matting to keep out the sun, and here are exposed for sale everything that can be eaten, used or worn, each kind of goods being sold in particular quarters. The brilliant colors, the moving figures, the high lights, the deep shadows, the excited attitudes, all make up a scene of varied richness that, once seen, can never be forgotten.

Now for the Nile—the ancient, sacred river of story and song—the river of the papyrus, and lotus, and calla, and crocodile—of the overflowed banks

and gilded barges—of the hidden sources—of Moses and Cleopatra and Captain Speke. This is west of Cairo. And beyond the river—beyond a strip of fertile country—then beyond a barren expanse—high and dry in the tawny sand, rise the gray Pyramids.

Incomprehensible as ever, wrapped in the same silence, they stand as they did when Abraham was young. Cheops has immortalized his name in a pile of stone covering thirteen acres and rising to a height of four hundred and eighty feet—but he has not told us more, nor have the builders of the many smaller Pyramids given us as much. The Sphinx, unlike her classical namesake, has not despairingly acknowledged the solution of her riddle. So one can only tread the sand, explore the winding passages of the interior of the Great Pyramid, climb the high steps of the exterior, and gaze again and again with wonder and awe, as he seems to hear Napoleon's solemn voice sound on the desert air: "Thirty centuries behold you!"

Back again to the capital of the land of the Pharaohs, Memphis, Thebes, Karnak, Luxor, Memnon, Heliopolis, Pompey's Pillar. How fast these sublime associations crowd upon us! And yet we will take our departure from this ancient city by the commonplace method of a railroad and a steamer.

#### LAKE COMO.

THE Italian lakes differ from their northern neighbors in adding to an Alpine wildness of scenery, the fertile soil, the luxuriant vegetation, the genial sky and the warm atmosphere of a southern climate. The region in which they lie was the scene of an early civilization. While, just beyond the great mountain-chain, the barbaric inhabitants of the great German plain went out to the chase and the battle, here were found evidences of knowledge and refinement, in smiling vineyards and magnificent villas. Catullus, the two Plinies and many of Rome's brightest lights had here their homes.

One of the most beautiful of all is Lake Como. Like the others, it lies in the midst of a delightful country. It is very irregular in shape, having two principal arms, at the end of one of which is the town of Lecco, the other Como, the latter being celebrated as the birthplace of the two Plinies and Volta. Between these two arms is the triangular, hilly district, covered with rich vineyards and olive plantations and known as the Brianza. This ends, in the middle of the lake, in a rugged promontory, several hundred feet high, on which lies the village of Bellagio.

Our engraving represents Bellagio as it may be seen from the gardens of the Villa Giulia. The lake, stretching away between its boundaries of "everlasting hills," is seen to divide into its arms, while, upon the eminence shine through the trees the clustered houses of the village. The beautiful grounds here represented belong to what, though now a hotel, was once the favorite residence of Leopold, king of Belgium.

Many others of the magnificent villas belonging to

Italian nobles, have been turned into hotels because of the poverty of their owners. This is the case also with the Villa Serbelloni, at Bellagio, from which the finest views of the lake and the surrounding country may be obtained. It stands upon the extreme end of the promontory, adjoining an extensive park. To the north may be seen the wide lake, with its panorama of bays, and headlands, and villages, against the background of the snow-capped Alps. Toward Lecco are huge walls of rock, with their deep shadows. Quite near is the Fuime di Latte, a waterfall, leaping down a precipice one thousand feet high. Toward Como are low hills and mountains softly blending together, their slopes clad with dark pines, gray olives, trailing vines and the deep foliage of the orange and lemon, with gleaming golden fruit. Along the banks are gardens, and lawns, and parks, and villas, with their bright flowers, and plashing fountains, and gleaming statues. Bending over all is the deep blue, Italian sky, while the clear crystal lake, like a mirror, reflects the varied landscape. The whole impression produced by the scene is one of surpassing loveliness. And such is the impression on contemplating the lake and the adjacent country from many quarters.

Of the many villas which line the shores, not a few are noteworthy. The site of the Villa Serbelloni, the view from which has just been described, is supposed to be that on which Pliny the Younger had his villa, which he called *Cothurnus* or "*Tragedy*." The Villa Melzi was built, at great cost, by Napoleon, for Melzi, whom he highly honored, and finally created Duke of Lodi. This is richly decorated, and contains, among other objects of art, a bust of Michael Angelo, by himself, and works by Canova and Thorwaldsen. The Villa Carlotta, named from its former owner, the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, also contains works of Canova and Thorwaldsen—among them the famous group, *Cupid and Psyche*. Here, also, is the residence of Madame Rattazzi, Napoleon's great niece, and of the unfortunate Queen Caroline, wife of George IV.

Minor points of interest there are in abundance—the marble quarries along the steep banks, the cascades, the ruins, the towers, the villages, the winding, river-like arms of the lake, the bold mountain-spurs—in short, many objects, to be seen in leisurely strolls, or steamboat excursions. And in leaving this lovely region, one may well say that he will take with him a perpetual memory of the sweet smile of nature upon hearts that are at peace.

THERE is one statement of faith made by Charles Kingsley which receives most cordial responses from many men who regard ordinary creeds with indifference: "Of all good things that can befall a man in this world, the best is that he should fall in love with a good woman."

Show me the man who would go to Heaven alone if he could, and I will show you one who will never be admitted there.—*Feltham*.

## "THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE."

## CHAPTER I.

"It is the little rift within the lute  
That by and by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening, slowly silence all."

TENNYSON.

ON a pleasant spring morning, when all nature was rejoicing in light, bloom and song, Henry West brought his fair young bride to the home he had provided as their bridal nest—an establishment not very large or stylish, but comfortably and charmingly fitted up under the guidance of a loving heart and a refined taste. Truly, the little cottage, overrunning with the fragrant roses of May, seemed a fitting Eden for the happy young couple to enter. The womanly grace and sweetness that seemed to emanate from Amy, and surrounded her like a halo, and the deep, manly tenderness that gave such a noble expression to Henry's fine face, seemed an earnest that their new home would indeed prove a Paradise, so far as such a thing is possible in this changeful and imperfect world.

For some time, in the glowing happiness of their newly-wedded love, when everything seemed

"Appareled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream,"

Henry was scarcely more conscious of any deficiency in his life than if he had been veritably in Paradise; but before the year was out, he began to be dimly conscious of the want of something; he could scarcely define what it was at first, but gradually it glimmered more and more clearly on his perceptions; it was the want of order and system in the little details of their daily household routine.

Man is many-sided. He has not only the ideal nature, which is the bright fairy world of our being, but he has an external practical nature, with constantly recurring wants and requirements, and if he would lead a harmonious life, not only must the inner life be kept bright and pure, but the details of external life must be arranged, as far as possible, in an orderly manner, else they will fetter and impede the workings of the inner life.

Henry had been brought up in an atmosphere of dainty nicety of detail, of order and system, that were musical and rhythmical in their smoothness and regularity. He had been so accustomed to this state of things, that he looked on it as a matter of course, and never became fully sensible of its charm till he began to experience a contrary state of things. In his days of courtship, Henry no more thought of connecting such prosy, humdrum things as system and order with his goddess than Petrarch thought of connecting them with Laura, or Camoens with Catrina; but now, when they were settled down into the routine of daily home-life, dearly as he loved his little wife, he could not help wishing she were more careful and methodical. He could not help remembering how such traits had acted, in his early home,

like oil poured over the machinery of the household economy, making it move smoothly, easily, rapidly and without unnecessary friction.

Amy was, in many respects, an excellent woman, but, unfortunately, she had been brought up to lay little or no stress on such homely virtues as carefulness and method. Perhaps you will say, my reader, that careless and slipshod habits are venial defects which might be overlooked, in view of real goodness of heart. But the question arises to my mind, are they really such venial offences? I scarcely know whether to set them down under this heading when I think of the constantly recurring ravages they commit on comfort, tranquility, time and usefulness. If it be too harsh to call such habits a sin in themselves, we are, at least, justified in the assertion that they lead to very evil results, to waste and loss, of too many kinds for me to enumerate here, to irritation of the temper, to diminution of usefulness. Solid good traits do not nullify the annoyance and discomfort that careless and slovenly habits occasion. Thackeray says, that though a man were to own the wealth of the Indies, this fact would not keep him from being ill at ease if he were condemned to walk with a pebble in his shoe; and the analogy holds good in reference to solid good traits and little habits of carelessness, inflicting continual discomfort, like a series of little pin-pricks, each small in itself, but forming an aggregate of great discomfort and annoyance in the course of a lifetime.

Henry endured enough of these pin-pricks to considerably dampen his happiness. Amy's housekeeping was of a kind that exhausted her and annoyed him no little. Not having those habits of promptitude and of system whereby the burden of life's work is so much lessened, and the amount of our leisure and our usefulness so much increased, Amy was always flurried, always behindhand. She economized her time so poorly, that she left herself scarcely any leisure for culture or open-air exercise; so gradually the delightful readings and walks she and Henry had formerly enjoyed together were, in a great measure, discontinued.

When Henry came from his business into the little home which he had fitted up so sweetly, and to which he had looked forward as a tranquil retreat from the turmoil and clangor of the outer world, he could not refrain from a sense of annoyance in finding it almost always in a state of disorder, dust settled on the delicate ornaments, dead flowers left in the vases, incongruous things strewn about in all directions. Then nothing of his was ever in place; there was a fatiguing search to be taken for nearly everything he asked for—books, papers, writing materials, clothes, etc. Nothing was kept in any especial place nor done at any especial time in that household. The servants (who are very apt to take their tone from their employers) became slack and negligent. The meals were served haphazard—very irregularly, and generally very late, and without the dainty nicety to which Henry had formerly been accustomed—the sparkling glass, the neatly-filled salt-cellars, the



bouquet of fresh flowers in the centre of the table—all these, and many other little details, Henry now missed—things that are small when taken singly, but which, when taken in the aggregate, make up a harmonious whole.

Amy dimly felt that something was wrong, though she did not know how to trace it to its right source, but set it down vaguely to the fact that it sprang from the inevitable troubles and trials of housekeeping. She would have been shocked had her eyes been opened to the fact that she was daily jarring on the person she loved best. Her carelessness, which had seemed so trivial a flaw at first, threatened to become like the rift in the lute of which Tennyson speaks—

"The little rift within the lover's lute,  
That by and by will make the music mute."

Solomon, you remember, tells us of the little foxes that spoil the vine. He does not speak of its being rent by any great, fierce animal. So it is in daily life; our comfort and happiness are more apt to be impaired by little faults than by some great wrong which perhaps occurs but once in a lifetime.

Amy found that her housekeeping became increasingly burdensome. One day, after an hour's search for her mislaid keys, during which time the cook stood wringing her hands, Amy exclaimed: "Henry, the burden of housekeeping is wearing out my life! Let's break up housekeeping and go to boarding."

Henry's countenance fell. He had always had such a great dislike to boarding. Hotel and boarding-house life seemed to him so vapid, stripped of the individuality and sweet sanctity of home-life—and he had cherished such sweet, pure ideals of a home-life with his young wife. The reality had fallen far short of his ideal, yet still he shrank from leaving their little home.

After thinking the matter over, however, he began to waver in the balance. The slipshod style of their domestic arrangements entailed so much annoyance and mortification on him. The carelessly and irregularly served meals interfered so much with his business hours, as well as with his health, that he came very near agreeing to his wife's proposition, when a change, or at least a delay in their plans, was necessitated by the receipt of a letter from Henry's oldest sister, saying that, if convenient to the young couple, she would make them a visit in the course of a few weeks; so, in view of this visit, the question of boarding was for the time laid on the shelf.

Henry stood in a peculiar relation toward this sister; for, as their mother had died in his infancy, his sister had combined the office of sister and of mother in her charge of him; and being twenty years his senior, and of a tender, motherly nature, she had inspired him with all the affection and reverence a man usually feels for his mother. She had never married, but she did not feel like a childless or isolated woman, so wide and deep was the stream of her human sympathies. For Henry she had an especial love, which made her anxious to see him

and his wife in their little home, and to be assured that all was well with him. She had seen Amy on her bridal day, a vision of maidenly loveliness gleaming through soft folds of bridal tulle; but she wanted to see her in the routine of daily life. Amy looked forward to the visit with a mixture of eagerness and trepidation. Henry had told her so much about his wonderful sister, Mildred, that she could not refrain from having a little feeling of awe connected with her. Henry said he had never seen any woman accomplish so much; and when Amy asked what was the secret of her accomplishing so much more than others, he replied that, as well as he could make it out, it was threefold—first, owing to her large heart with its far-reaching sympathies; secondly, to her fine, clear judgment; and thirdly, to her habits of care and system, her admirable economy of her time and all her resources, whereby she was enabled to utilize them to such an unusual extent.

## CHAPTER II.

IN due time Henry's sister arrived, and Amy met her with a sweet, frank kindness which at once prepossessed Mildred in her favor. Before the day was out, she felt satisfied as to two points of vital interest—that Amy had a good heart, and that she truly loved her husband. One day was sufficient to give ample token of these facts to Mildred's observant eyes; but after staying a little longer, she began to notice Amy's weak point, and it saddened her to see a sweet young creature, without evil intent or deliberate selfishness, so often produce discomfort, and occasion loss and waste of time, as well as of other things. Almost daily there was some inconvenience resulting from her habits of carelessness. There was delay, difficulty and *rummaging* to be endured before anything could be accomplished; hence, everything involved an unnecessary amount of friction and a waste of vitality. Sometimes, when Henry had a little spare time, he would propose reading aloud to his wife and sister at their work, but before Amy could settle down, she always had to go through an annoying dragging forth of drawers and a generally fatiguing search for her different materials, so by the time she was prepared to settle down, Henry would generally lay down the book, either because the delay had made him lose interest in the task, or because some other matter called him off, and thus many an opportunity for culture was lost.

One evening, when they were dressing to go out to a little entertainment, Mildred, whose room adjoined Amy's, on hearing an outcry of distress from the latter, ran in to see what was the matter. There stood Amy attired in a lovely silver-gray dress, of which the entire front was covered with a jet work of spattered ink. She was almost crying.

"O sister Mildred," she exclaimed, "my lovely dress that Henry selected because it was his favorite color, is ruined! And I had resolved to put him to so little expense! I thought I would wear it so long before getting a new one."

"How did it happen?" asked Mildred.

"I was writing a letter late this evening, and finding my inkstand almost empty, I filled it from a bottle of ink which I forgot to put back in the closet, but left on my little centre-table, which overturns with a touch; so, passing by it just now, I upset it and the ink poured over my dress."

It gave Henry a vivid pleasure to see his young wife prettily and becomingly dressed and he strained a point to procure her a nice wardrobe, one that would have enabled her always to present a tasteful appearance, had she been careful of it. It was not without self-denial that he had gotten her the dress so ruthlessly spoiled this evening—not without a very careful brushing of his own well worn suit, had he managed to spare the money. It was a point of sentiment with him, because the dress was of a soft shimmering gray, just the same shade as one she had worn the first time he ever saw her. It was not the first instance (although it was the most serious one) in which her want of care had been the means of injuring her wardrobe—sometimes, she would be seized with a fit of zeal about weeding and working in her flower garden and would tear and draggle her clothes in doing so—sometimes, again, she would go into the kitchen to test some new dish herself, and would return in the course of an hour looking like a dusty miller, the front of her dress spattered with eggs or greased with lard or butter—so dear did her gardening and cooking experiments cost her, just from the lack of sufficient care and forethought to change her dress before entering on them. Few things jarred on Henry more than careless and slovenly dress in a woman. It struck him with such a painful sense of incongruity and discord for a woman, "the bright, consummate flower of creation," not to be tasteful and daintily fresh in her attire, however simple it might be. He loved to see a woman observe in her dress that exquisite nicety and care which so much enhance beauty when she possesses it, and which go so far toward supplying its deficiency when she lacks it. It was no small disappointment to him that Amy paid so little attention to her personal appearance, for he did not join in Ben Jonson's admiration of "a sweet neglect," and it would have been a great satisfaction to him if Amy had more carefully and tastefully arranged those chestnut locks and given a few graceful little touches to her everyday toilet. No one realizes the charm and the influence all these little things exert till they miss them.

But it would be tedious were we to go on enumerating instances of the evil results arising from Amy's carelessness—so we will adduce only one more. Going out to a concert one night, Amy found on her return that she had lost a locket containing an ivory miniature of her husband's dead mother, a thing of incalculable value to him. He had given it to Amy when they were first married. Had he waited a little longer, he would have deemed it safer to retain it in his own keeping. The clasp was imperfect, and from time to time Amy would resolve to have a new

one put on, but her habits of carelessness and procrastination caused her to delay attending to it. She thought, however, on the night of the concert that she would just wear it once more and then she certainly would have the clasp removed, and it turned out indeed that she did wear it but once more, for though it was ultimately recovered, it had been so trampled under foot that it was almost destroyed. Amy was now fairly shocked at the results of her carelessness. She wept like a child, and her husband came very near doing the same, though he uttered no word of reproach, and thereby increased her compunction a hundredfold. Amy sobbed out that she verily believed she was pursued by a fatality, she was so unlucky.

At this juncture of affairs, Mildred, after soothing her with all the gentleness imaginable, thought that now was the time for her to try to open her eyes to the real state of the case, so with great tact and kindness, she entered on the difficult and delicate task. She would have given a great deal to be able conscientiously to pass it by and say nothing but smooth and pleasant things, but she loved Henry with the double love of a mother and sister and she had learned to love his young wife, too, so she felt impelled to tell her the truth and to open her eyes to the real nature of that evil genius which Amy called "fatality" but which, in plain fact, was nothing but carelessness.

Miss Edgeworth, in her admirable tale entitled "Murad the Unlucky," depicts a man who, according to the Oriental ideas of fatalism, believed himself pursued by an evil genius, thwarting and baffling him at every turn and bringing disaster on all his undertakings, but all the so-called "fatality" that pursued him was traceable to a want of care or promptitude or judgment on his part. Of the same nature was Amy's evil genius.

It is needless to detail the conversation that ensued between Mildred and herself. Suffice it to say that though Mildred was forced to tell some unflattering truths, yet she did it so wisely and so lovingly, and her hearer was of so magnanimous a nature that to the lasting credit of both, be it told, that no breach was produced between them. Not only Mildred's words were impressive (as the truth always is when tempered by love), but the influence of her whole character gave an impression of harmony and symmetry of clear, well-considered thoughts, of well-balanced judgment, of orderly affections, flowing out into a life whose least detail, bore the symmetrical stamp of a nice adjustment. A vague sense of all this (which Amy doubtless could not have defined, though she could not help feeling it, after coming in close contact with Mildred), lent additional weight to the latter's gentle admonitions to her

"Soft rebukes in blessings ended."

Then in later conversations and intercourse between the two, many good seeds were dropped both directly and indirectly into the soil of the young wife's heart.

Mildred was such a wise woman that no one could detect when she was teaching them, and thus with

the utmost tact and kindness, she imparted many a valuable lesson to Amy, unconsciously to the latter. At the joint entreaty of the young couple, she remained with them a year, acting godmother for a charming little Mildred before she left. During the time she was with the young couple, a gradual improvement went on in the administration of the domestic economy. Under her influence, Amy grew increasingly sensible of the charm that lay in habits of care and order—habits falsely supposed to be humdrum and prosaic, though, in reality, they have a poetic side, inasmuch as they tend to give a rhythmic smoothness and regularity to the details of life, whilst at the same time, they enable us to doubly utilize our time and all our gifts and resources—to “gather up the fragments that nothing remain.”

I cannot (as I am a truthful historian), give my readers an account of any sudden and marvelous transformation in Amy, for even after she had grown to have a clear perception of what was lacking in their little household, she did not change in a day or an hour. It was no easy task for her to inaugurate a new state of things, and many a time she had relapses, and, indeed, to the end of her days, she will probably never get over the habit of losing her keys; this small concession we will have to make her. Still, as she was thoroughly in earnest, and saw clearly that the nameless little cloud dimming the brightness of the home horizon, sprung from her want of method and care, she persevered till her end was gained and her defect almost totally eradicated.

Love makes diligent pupils of us all, and a loving-hearted, quick-brained woman will accomplish almost any task for the sake of love. Amy never rested till she had learned to make her home, not only in essentials, but in all its little details, “an Eden of bland repose.” And thus “the little rift” was mended in time, ere it grew so wide as to “make the music mute.” MRS. MARY W. EARLY.

#### A HEBREW TALE.

COMPELLED by violent persecution to quit his native land, Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts, his whole equipage consisting of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the law; a cock which served him instead of a watch to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass on which he rode. The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came at last near a village. He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking where human beings dwelt there dwelt also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging; it was refused, not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him. He was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighboring wood. “It is hard, very hard,” said he, “not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; but God is

just, and whatever He does is for the best.” He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law; he had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light. “What,” exclaimed he, “must I not be permitted even to pursue my favorite study? but God is just, and whatever He does is for the best.” He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours' sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed his cock. “What new misfortune is this?” ejaculated the astonished Akiba; “my vigilant companion is gone; who then will henceforth awaken me to the study of the law? but God is just, He knows best what is good for us poor mortals.” Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass. “What is to be done now?” exclaimed the lonely wanderer; “my lamp and my cock are gone, my poor ass, too, is gone—all is gone! But praised be the Lord, whatever He does is for the best.” He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village, to see whether he could procure a horse or any other beast of burden, to enable him to pursue his journey. But what was his surprise not to find a single individual alive! It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, and killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, “Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob! now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind; often considering as evils what is intended for their preservation. But Thou alone art just, and kind, and merciful. Had not the hard-hearted people driven me by their inhospitality from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate; had not the wind extinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot and have murdered me. I perceive also that it was Thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not by their noise give notice to the banditti where I was. Praised then be Thy name, forever and ever!”

THE JAPANESE RIP VAN WINKLE.—The Japanese have the story of Rip van Winkle in another form. A young man fishing in his boat on the ocean was invited by the goddess of the sea to her home beneath the waves. After three days he desired to see his old father and mother. On parting she gave him a golden casket and a key, but begged him never to open it. At the village where he lived all was changed, and he could get no trace of his parents until an aged woman recollected having heard of their names. He found their graves a hundred years old. Thinking that three days could not have made such a change, and that he was under some extraordinary spell, he opened the box. A white vapor rose, and under its influence the young man fell to the ground. His hair turned gray, his form lost its youth, and in a few moments he died of old age.

## ALMA'S CROWN.

BY EMMA E. BREWSTER.

## CHAPTER VI.

"How doth the city sit solitary—full of people."

UP to the present, Beatrice had received no answer from the Globe Theatre; and fully aware that her application had gone the way of a thousand others, she took her weary way—the morning after her Traverse Street speculation—up to the Museum. There were plenty of people here, going in by twos and threes, and she followed in their wake.

At the top of the broad steps was a wide landing, and opposite was a square hole in the wall, through which appeared a little man standing at a table, with a plan of the theatre spread out before him. The people went up, chose their seats and went down again. Beatrice stood against the wall, and waited for a moment when the man should be at liberty to speak with her. A door at one side opened, showing a hall with white statuary in it, and winding stairs going up at the farther side; some ladies and gentlemen came out, and Beatrice wondered if they were attachés to the theatre.

After waiting till a sense of strangeness and loneliness crept all over her and sapped away her courage to the last drop, there came a pause in the stream of people, and Beatrice stepped up to the wicket.

"Will you please tell me where Mr. Field is?" she asked, in an almost inarticulate voice.

"Mr. wh??" asked the man.

"Mr. Field."

"I don't know," said he, shortly.

"Where does he live?"

"I don't know," and the wicket shut sharply.

Beatrice turned slowly, and trailed dismally down the stairs out into the gay street.

That glimpse of the theatre-going world had made her very sad and lonesome. She was so utterly alone—so shut out from all the pleasantness of life. She went down the street crying under her veil. What did it matter to any one she met? What did it matter to any one in the whole city? She was all alone, and the streets were full of people; they rustled past her, jostled her this way and jostled her that; they laughed and talked, shouted and hurried along, as if each one was on an errand that admitted of no delay, and nobody knew his next neighbor. She leaned up against the rails of the Granary Burying-ground and looked into its cool, quiet depths while hopeless tears rushed down her cheeks. She might have stood there an hour, but no one knew it. No one noticed her. The city rushed by like the noise of many waters. The horse-cars tinkled and stopped and tinkled again; there was always somebody getting off and somebody getting on, and nobody knew anybody.

Hundreds and hundreds of people went up and down, up and down, and she was so utterly solitary as she never had been before in all her life. She was wrapped in utter and complete solitude, such as can

be found only in the midst of a large city, and she had no power to break the silence that hung over her life. She had nobody to talk with in the whole world. The Home was a misnomer. There was nothing home-like about the institution; she dreaded always to find herself within its walls. She could not go back there in this mood, so she went to the Common.

Living heart of greenness in this great, desolate city! Hope to the hopeless, rest to the weary, health to the sick, comfort to the despairing, haven to the homeless. God bless Boston Common! Never, oh never, may the shadow of thy historic elms grow less, nor thy low emerald grasses be curtailed from "creeping, silently creeping everywhere." There Beatrice went and was comforted.

Miss Bateman, I think, was the great star at the time this story is laid. Some lady's name flamed out on all the walls as Beatrice went slowly home through the twilight, and to her, this queen of the galaxy among whom she hoped to shine, the weary girl wrote before she slept that night. In two days she had her answer.

"MISS BEATRICE DOUGLASS: If you are really determined to enter the theatrical profession, the best way would be to apply to some manager for a situation at the bottom of the ladder and work your way up. Your amateur experience will be of very little help to you."

That was all. No tell-tale address which would have put Beatrice on the artist's track at once. All she could do was to write to the manager of the Athenaeum, and hopelessly wait for the answer that never came.

"Well," said Beatrice, "I have nothing else to do. I may as well write. City postage fortunately costs little."

So she wrote again to Miss Bateman, giving an exact account of her case, and begging her to tell how she was to apply to those obdurate managers. "How did you get into the profession yourself?" she asked. "You must have begun at the foot of the ladder once. Tell me how to get to the foot."

But not another letter would Miss Bateman vouchsafe. I have my own private reasons for believing that Beatrice would have become a very brilliant star, if she could have been admitted to the stage. But she never got there, and it still remains a mystery to me how any one ever does who is not born within the charmed circle.

Then Beatrice wondered if her voice could not bring her money. But to whom should she make application, and how could she find him?

One day, passing by a church, she saw the door partially open, and heard the choir practising above. On the impulse of the moment, she pushed in and made her way through the darkness to the organ loft. Without stopping to consider—for once in her life—the effect of her appearance, Beatrice stepped up to the lady organist, told her that she was a poor girl, who had come to the city to find work, that she



had been here nearly a month, and could find nothing to do, but that she had a good voice, and used to sing in the choir at home. She wanted to sing in a choir now, or somewhere else, that she could make money by it. Did the lady know of any chance for her anywhere?

Everybody stared for a moment, and then burst out laughing. The organist replied coldly that she didn't think she did.

As Beatrice blundered blindly down the dark stairs, she heard them say, "She's crazy," "Or drunk;" then they laughed again.

That evening, as Beatrice sat at the piano in the Home parlor, singing, "Thy will be done," and trying to teach herself submission by those holy words, the matron came to listen, and when the chant was finished said: "What a fine voice you have, Miss Douglass."

"Yes," said Beatrice, eagerly, turning toward her on the whirling stool. "I wish I could get a chance to sing in a choir. Do you know that the whole time I have been in Boston I have not found anything to do?"

"Why did you not tell me before? There are ladies here every day nearly wanting girls for some sort of situation."

Beatrice bit her lip, but said nothing, and presently the matron continued: "I will introduce you to the chorister of our church to-morrow."

"Oh! thank you. How glad I should be!" exclaimed Beatrice, and her spirits rose suddenly with a great bound, and flew on the wings of fancy to the highest pinnacle of fame.

When Mr. Silverthroat had heard Beatrice sing, he nodded approval.

"Very good, very good," he said. "A few months' training will fit you for a paying place."

"How much will it cost?" asked Beatrice.

"Oh, I'll see that the terms are made very easy for you—very easy; the price will be merely nominal."

"But how much?" persisted Beatrice.

"Well, I'll see Salvani and talk with him. He'll put his price within your means."

"Within my means?" echoed Beatrice. "Do you know what my means are? Well, after I have paid this week's board, they will be represented by," and she formed a cypher with her thumb and forefinger.

"Is that so?" exclaimed Mr. Silverthroat, who had been mislead, like every one else, by her stylish appearance. "Then why in the world don't you go out to housework? It pays better than choir-singing."

"It seems to me," cried Beatrice, to whom this advice had been given many times during the past few weeks; "it seems to me that men think women can do nothing but housework. I am, unfortunately, without that feminine resource. I absolutely cannot do housework."

"That is well enough if you can do anything else," said Mr. Silverthroat. "If you can, go and do it."

Like a flash, it came across Beatrice that she could do nothing else. At least nothing else to earn money.

She had resources enough to keep every minute employed when at home; in fact, she had not time enough to do all that was required of her there, while here time hung heavily on her hands; no one wanted her; every one wanted her at home. Why did she not go back while she had yet money enough to take her there? Pride, and a real desire to make herself famous, repressed the half-formed thought. Every genius had suffered misery and poverty. She was wading through dark waters now, but by and by she would land on a glittering shore. Just at present, there certainly seemed no way for her to reach the glittering shore, save by the slow yet sure process of starvation, and that seemed imminent.

The next day, as Beatrice sat in hopeless solitude, looking down upon the noisy panorama of Beach Street, and repeating over and over Jeremiah's expressive words, "How doth the city sit solitary, full of people"—oh, *so full of people!*—some one called her down to the office.

Mrs. Pinchem was wanting a girl to learn dress-making. Six dollars for the first few weeks, twelve dollars after the trade was learned. Would she like that? Like that? She was just delighted.

"I can *sew*," said Beatrice. "I make all the dresses when I'm at home."

"Did you make the one you have on?" asked Mrs. P., with terrific sarcasm, as her critical eye surveyed the set of the waist.

"No, ma'am; I bought this ready made," replied Beatrice. "I never fit my own dresses, anyway, but mother's and the girls'—"

"I do all the fitting myself," said Mrs. P., cutting short the volubleness of her would-be assistant, who suddenly felt a great sinking at the heart least she had said too much. But Mrs. P. carried Beatrice off with her, and paid her fare on the horse-cars. Beatrice thought her new mistress very generous and kind.

It was a long ride, for Mrs. P.'s rooms were beneath a fashionable hotel on the Back Bay. A very good stand. All the ladies in the hotel were her customers; they were "sudden rich," and valued a dress for the amount it had cost them. Mrs. P. humored them, and piled on the price. Not merely were her charges exorbitant, but she had the buying of all the dress-goods and trimmings. Her brother kept a dry goods store, and she purchased of him lavishly; then she cut into the rich goods slapdash. All the remnants went into her piece-bags; not a fragment ever returned to the owners. With the cottons and silks used in making the garments, she played the same game. Every spool—and there were a great many purchased—was marked with the name of the lady for whose dress it was got; but not one of the partly-used spools went back to the one who had paid for it. They were Mrs. P.'s perquisites.

The girls sat and sewed behind a curtain stretched across one end of the room. The fine ladies came down into Mrs. P.'s part; and being, like all uneducated persons, over-particular and exacting, they scolded and complained as if they gained consequence

by being loud-tongued. They paid enough for their work, and were bound to get it out of Mrs. P. in some way. Mrs. P. was all complaisance then; but as soon as a vulgar customer had left, she came behind the curtain and vented her spleen upon her unfortunate employees. This right-and-left hitting, utterly regardless of justice, was terribly galling to Beatrice. She could scarce keep her sharp tongue from giving as good as sent.

Mrs. P.'s method of teaching her art was also peculiar. The first article given to Beatrice was a dress-waist. She was told to trim all the seams down to one-third of an inch, and overcast them.

She went rapidly to work, and had got about half the seams cut when Mrs. P. called out: "Let me see what you are doing to that waist. If you've ruined it, you'll have to pay for it."

Beatrice handed her the work. Mrs. P. examined in silence, and returned it with a frown. As she was overcasting the last seam, Mrs. P. said to her: "Let me see your overcasting. If it is badly done, you'll have to take it all out."

A second examination of the waist, showing nothing to complain of, Mrs. P. handed it back, saying: "If you prove a bad seamstress, I shan't keep you, I promise you."

There was a forewoman, who always sat behind the curtain, and was supposed to give directions and examine work done. The latter she never did, and if any unfortunate girl asked her how a certain piece of work was to be done, she replied shortly: "Find out for yourself." It was a puzzle to Beatrice why Mrs. P. kept such an inefficient assistant. She was fat, lazy and slatternly. Her black silk dress was slit under one arm, and a long rent in the skirt was "hitched up" with white cotton; she wore gilt earrings, breastpin and bracelets, and an immense amount of rubber chain around her dirty neck, a really nice lace shawl, ragged jet *peplum* and faded purple overskirt of some coarse material. The lace in her neck and sleeves was also good, though sadly soiled, and she carried a magnificent lace handkerchief.

In a few days Beatrice discovered the chain by which Mrs. P. and this person were linked together, and the charm by which her employees were held to their trying situation. She came behind the curtain with a very showy parasol, and told the girls that it was from a new invoice just received by her brother. That they were quoted at three dollars, but she could get them for the girls at the wholesale price, two dollars and fifty cents. Or if they had parasols, and only wanted covers, she could get covers like this, which sold for one dollar—and cheap enough for such lace—at ninety-three cents.

To Beatrice's utter amazement, every girl there invested in the showy articles. She said to Mrs. P.: "I can't possibly, for my board costs five dollars and fifty cents, and I only have fifty cents over at the end of the week."

"That is no matter," said Mrs. P., smiling seductively; "you may buy it on account. You can

easily make it up by working out of hours; I often have extra work to be done."

But Beatrice was inflexible, and she saw that Mrs. P. was vexed with her for it.

"You paid a great deal for those things," said Beatrice, when the girls were left alone.

"Oh, no! I don't think so. We have often priced things in the store, and she does really sell them to us cheaper," said the girls, all together.

"The store! What store?"

"Her brother's."

"Did you ever price the same articles in another store?"

"No. We cannot get to any other store, they are all shut by the time we are out at night, and are not open before we begin work in the morning. We have to buy everything at Mr. Pinchen's."

"And he puts on whatever price he pleases. How those two are fleecing you girls! And you are content to be fleeced!"

They said they didn't see how it could be helped, and so the matter dropped. But Beatrice learned, upon inquiry, that all the girls were in debt to Mrs. P. for useless articles of finery. Their forewoman was in debt to an amount equaling six weeks' wages. Of course she could never pay it except by a great deal of extra work.

Saturday night, when the girls were paid, every one had a certain amount taken from her wages to pay debts incurred during the week. Yes, every one, for Mrs. P. took the six cents she had paid for car-fare from Beatrice's wages. Then Mrs. P. asked which of the girls would stop and sew till twelve o'clock that night on extra work. Three beside the forewoman, who were so much in debt that they had received no money at all, stayed. Beatrice was asked to remain, but she refused. Mrs. P. was very much annoyed by the refusal, for Beatrice was her best seamstress; but that young lady had got her temper aroused over the horse-car fare, and no amount of promised wages could induce her to stay.

She was very sorry afterward that she had not stopped; she was not tired, and her acquiescence would have mollified Mrs. P. and gained an extra dollar for herself. "I was very foolish," she said, and sighed. Beatrice was beginning to grow wise.

On the following Tuesday, Beatrice was given a dress to trim. Three or four times over she basted down the folds, and they would not set well. At last—the first time since she had been at work—she asked the forewoman to show her how it was to be done.

"Don't you know how?" was asked, with raised eyebrows. "Why I thought you knew everything. Why don't you ask Sarah Bowers?"

Sarah Bowers was a poor little thing who cried all the time, and with very good reason. No one ever told her how to do her work, and half of it had to be taken out. Beatrice's hot blood was up in an instant; she stalked back to her seat and worked assiduously for about an hour. At the end of that time she had

discovered the way, and the trimming was going on beautifully.

Mrs. P. looked in. "Let me see what you are doing, Beatrice Douglass! I declare, you are a perfect nuisance. Who told you to put on that trimming? The dress will be ruined!" A moment of silent inspection, and then: "Well, as long as you have begun it you might as well go on. What are you cobbling up now, Sarah Bowers? I declare, you will drive me distracted! Why, it would try the patience of a saint to employ such a set of ignoramuses." So she swept around the group like a whirlwind, and then went back again, with her mind freed, to wait for another fault-finding customer.

"Girls, how can you stand this?" asked Beatrice.

"Why, how can we help it?"

"Help it? Leave."

"What should we do after that?"

"Why, I don't know. I will find something else before the week is out." And with this determination, Beatrice kept eyes and ears open. Friday morning they heard this conversation from behind the curtain.

CUSTOMER.—"Well, that alderman is dead."

MRS. P.—"Is he after all? When did he die?"

CUSTOMER.—"At one o'clock this morning."

MRS. P.—"Oh, I wonder who has the mourning?"

CUSTOMER.—"Blank & Grabb, on Winter Street. They stood ready with their porridge dish right side up and stepped in before he was cold"

MRS. P.—"Cold! I should think so. He can't be cold yet. 'Twill be a pretty spec for them."

CUSTOMER.—"They have got out posters already asking for two hundred girls."

MRS. P.—"They won't get 'em."

CUSTOMER.—"Why not?"

MRS. P.—"No girl will leave a steady place to work somewhere else for a few days, even at high wages, at the risk of losing her old place. Of course she wouldn't! And there are not one hundred unemployed sewing-girls in the whole city. No, not fifty. It will be terrible hard work. They'll have to sew right straight through till Monday morning. I suppose they'll have the funeral Monday?"

CUSTOMER.—"I don't know. I don't suppose all arrangements have been made yet. They will probably pay the girls pretty well."

MRS. P.—"Oh, yes! They will have to be paid by the hour. And they will have to work by the hour, too."

"There is where I am going," said Beatrice. "Who goes with me?"

Nobody answered.

"You will still submit to this tyranny when a door of escape is open!" cried Beatrice. "You will still bow your necks to *that creature's* dirty foot? You were made for slaves! You have found your proper position. Stay in it since you are contented. I congratulate you on your power of being easily satisfied. A contented mind is a continual feast, they say."

But nobody answered her a word.

Later in the same day a lady entered and asked

Mrs. P. if she had any pieces of her last dress left over. No, she had not. The lady was in despair, she had torn a portion of the plaited trimming and the dress was ruined unless it could be replaced. Well she must buy some more cloth. The lady had hunted the stores through, but could not match the goods. Mrs. P. was really very sorry, but it could not be helped, the plaiting could be taken off and lace put on instead. No, never! She hated lace! Was there not a piece, no matter how small, left? A very small piece would do. No, there was not a scrap. Mrs. P. had very hard work to get the piping out of the little pieces.

All this time, in one of the great bags of remnants, full two yards of the lady's goods was staring at the girls. They all said, "What a shame!" But Beatrice, boiling with indignation, seized the largest remnant and rushed upon the scene. "There was a great deal left, Mrs. Anthony," she said. "And here is a piece."

"Oh! indeed miss!" exclaimed Mrs. P. with unrivalled coolness. "So you had stolen it. I should never have kept a thief among my girls, Mrs. Anthony, had I known her character. You shall pay dear for this, Miss Douglass."

"I am not a thief, Mrs. Pinchem, and it is yourself who had stolen it," replied Beatrice, calmly, and stepping behind the curtain she tugged out the great bag in whose mouth lay smaller pieces of the same material. I took that out of this bag of remnants, Mrs. Anthony, because I thought it was a shame for you to be robbed so of what you had bought and paid for. Mrs. Pinchem put it here."

"You are a good, brave girl, and I thank you heartily," cried Mrs. Anthony, gathering the pieces out of the bag. "As for Mrs. Pinchem, she shall never set another stitch for me, nor for any lady in the hotel, if I can help it."

Mrs. P. stood by, speechless with rage. But when the door was closed her tongue was loosed, and springing upon Beatrice she shook her like an aspen bush, pouring out a torrent of wrath and vituperation which made the girls turn white behind the curtain.

The instant Mrs. P. from sheer exhaustion, dropped her, Beatrice seized the curtain, and tearing it from its rod, said, in cool, dignified tones: "I am going now, girls, how many of you are going with me?" No one stirred, only poor Sarah Bowers looked pleadingly up, through a flood of tears. Beatrice took her hand. "You will come, Sarah?"

"Oh! I can't, Bee, I can't," sobbed the poor child. "I'm owing Mrs. Pinchem ever so much."

"How much?"

"Three dollars."

"Well, you will get five for this week's work."

"Yes, but my board bill."

"Oh! if Beatrice only had the money to lay in Sarah's hand and say, pay your debts. You are free! But she was powerless. If Mrs. P. should refuse to give her this week's wages she would not have a cent in the world. She wrung Sarah's hand, hanging so passively on hers, and crying: "Why did you ever

get yourself in debt to her?" She walked back to Mrs. P. "I will finish out my day, Mrs. Pinchem, if you wish, or I will go now."

"Oh, finish out your day, by all means," said Mrs. P., who wanted her dexterous fingers on the dress they were finishing.

When Beatrice asked for her wages that night, Mrs. P. gave her two dollars.

"What is that for?" asked Beatrice, not offering to take it from her.

"That curtain cost me three dollars."

For one instant Beatrice was overwhelmed; but only for an instant. Bending down so as to whisper in Mrs. P.'s ear, she hissed: "Pay me the whole! 'Tis the best thing you can do."

I have said Beatrice was a consummate actress; whatever she could have done had Mrs. P. laughed at her threat, she was herself at a loss to imagine. To Mrs. P., the effect of her words was like a sharp, cold steel blade pressed close to her ear. The hair of her flesh stood up, her heart stopped beating, all her misdeeds came crowding black and thick before her mental vision. What Miss Douglass knew about her and would expose she could not guess, but that it would lodge her in jail, she had not the slightest doubt, and she handed out the five dollars with a deprecating air, which said, "Don't tell on me, please."

Beatrice looked at the money in her hand; she scorned to take a cent more than was her due—money given, too, as a sort of bribe. She walked slowly over to Sarah, and put it in her hand.

"Take that," she said. "Try to get yourself out of debt as soon as possible. And never, never get in debt again. A debtor is always a slave."

Debt was something unknown in the Neale family. Beatrice could not imagine any one sitting down to eat, rising up to play, lying down to sleep, with a creditor's hand on his throat.

"It is impossible for a people to be either virtuous or happy while debt is not considered dishonorable," she said within herself. "The first thing the children of this nation ought to be taught is, *never to run in debt.*" And all night long her mind was tossed and agitated with plans to rid the world of that debasing tyrant, debt.

Beatrice got the coveted place at Blank & Grabb's, and there we find her now. It is a basement room with half windows, lighted through gratings on the pavement, down which orange-peel, paper, nutshells, bones, and all sorts of waste, falls and lodges on the window seats. Little light as there is, there is less air. So close, so dark, so vile-smelling is it, that poor Beatrice counts the hours till her release with panting breaths. She is so thankful that she was not able to bring poor Sarah Bowers with her.

The mourning must all be done by ten o'clock on Monday morning, for the funeral is set at noon, and the mourning is to be sent in at least two hours before.

It is four o'clock in the morning now, the gas in the stifled basement room is burning dim; sixteen

only of the thirty girls that took their places with her on Saturday morning are left; but Beatrice works on with unflagging energy. She possesses that reserve force of will on which one can work when strength is utterly exhausted. But she remembers Mrs. Pinchem's words, "They will be paid by the hour, and they will have to *work by the hour, too*." And she says with a smile: "*My hours* are nearly numbered."

They are running crape scarfs for the Common Councilmen—three yards long, the crape doubled and fastened together down one side. All the black, shining threads criss-crossed on one another, waver up and down, dancing, dazzling and mazing the weary eyes bent upon them. At the end of each long run, the seamstress, with hands pressed hard over her half-blinded eyes and aching temples, rests, as long as she can spare the time, a bare half minute.

"This gorgeous funeral display is a sinful thing," thinks Beatrice. "A wicked waste of woman's life. It is as bad as the immolation of human beings at the death of the King of Dahomey. Why do we not need missionaries in Boston?"

In fact, if a person were to set out in life with a determination to right the world, and all his ideas were adopted as soon as promulgated, he would arrive at the extreme limit of human existence before the last reform was made. Beatrice never saw a thing which did not need reforming—except her own plan of life. That which was going the most crooked and contrary of anything in Boston, she never thought of trying to straighten.

After Beatrice had been released from her toil, had gone to the place she called home, and drank a cup of what passed there for coffee, "slept around" and drank another cup of something called tea, she began to wonder what next was in store for her. She went down to the office and asked what applications were on file there. These: 1st Attendant and companion for a lady eighty-two years old; to sleep in the same room. 2d. Nursery governess to four children under ten. 3d. Upper kitchen girl. 4th and 5th. Nurse-maids. Beatrice shook her head at each. She went to the piano and practiced till dinner-time.

Then it came to her like a flash, Mrs. Anthony may help me. Immediately after dinner she took the cars to the hotel and inquired for Mrs. Anthony.

"What name?"

"Miss Douglass."

After a long waiting, the waiter again appeared. "Is it Miss Douglass of Framingham?"

"No, sir. Please tell her Miss Beatrice Douglass."

Another long waiting. "Mrs. Anthony does not remember your name. Will you please tell me what you want of her?"

"No, I will not tell you what I want of her," said Beatrice, rising in sudden wrath. "I will tell Mrs. Anthony what I want of her, but no one else."

The waiter disappeared instantly, and very quickly Mrs. Anthony appeared in gorgeous dinner-dress.

Beatrice arose and stepped toward the lady with a smile, which said, Now you remember me.



Mrs. Anthony replied with a cold and vacant look.

"I am the girl who gave you the pieces of your dress, when Mrs. Pinchem would not let you have them," said Beatrice.

"Oh-h!" drawing a little away, as if she hoped Beatrice would not ask any favor from her on that score.

"Mrs. Pinchem turned me away on account of it. I got work for a few days, but now I have nothing to do, and cannot find anything."

"Oh! well, I am sorry for you, I am sure. 'Twas a very imprudent thing to do, you know."

If Mrs. Anthony had been anything less polished and cold than marble, she would have scorched beneath the indignation that flashed from Beatrice's eyes. But the owner of the eyes spoke calmly and humbly enough. She must lose nothing now by useless anger.

"Yes, it was a very imprudent thing to do; I shall know better another time. Yet, at that time, I felt fully paid by the kind and grateful manner in which you thanked me."

Discovering that the girl felt herself fully paid, Mrs. A. unbent considerably.

"What can I do about it? I have no sewing to be done now."

"Have none of your friends?"

"None that I know of. And, anyway, they put their work out to regular establishments."

"Well, isn't there *anything* that you want done? Or anybody else? I don't care what."

"Why no. I don't know of anything. And I could not recommend you. You are a perfect stranger to me. I should not be willing to give you a recommendation."

"I do not ask for your recommendation, Mrs. Anthony. Only tell me of somebody who wants something done, and cannot get a woman to do it, and I will go and recommend myself."

"Well, I don't know of anything," said Mrs. A., very decisively. And so the interview ended.

Beatrice was really sorry that she had applied to Mrs. A. Before this, there had always been a little warm spot in her heart whenever she thought of those words, "You are a good, brave girl!" And Mrs. Anthony's picture hung in memory's gallery next to her mother's. It was so sad to find the picture broken, to feel the glow extinguished, and to see herself again all alone in "the great city full of people."

Wednesday night, when she paid for her week's lodging, Beatrice said: "I have not quite one dollar left. I cannot find anything to do, and I cannot bear to run in debt. Isn't there anything I can do about the Home to pay my board till I can get work?"

"You may sew for me every day a certain amount—enough to pay board and lodging—and still have time enough to look around," said the matron.

"These ladies are very kind," thought Beatrice. "I wonder why I cannot like them better? Oh! there is no place like home. 'There's no place like

home. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.' Why did I not return while I had the means? Think of Alma Neale *begging work* to pay for her daily bread! Alma Neale! With all her genius, can she not earn her own living? She can, *she must, SHE WILL!* There is certainly a place for her, and she, as certainly, will find it."

Then there came across her the thought that there was a place waiting for her at home, which she had refused to occupy. There was a great void at home, she knew, and none but she could fill it.

Well, one of these days, when she was rich and famous, and had money enough of her own, so that she need not be dependent on father for every new ribbon, then she would go home.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Better it were to sit still by the sea,  
Loving somebody, and satisfied—  
Better it were to grow babes on the knee,  
To anchor you down for all your days,  
Than wander and wander in all these ways,  
Land forgotten and love denied."

ONE Saturday afternoon Beatrice was sitting on the Common, looking down through glinting shadows at the distant Frog Pond. June was passing; the days grew long apace, long and hot. Her suit was getting heavy, but she dared not don one of her own tasty summer dresses. All the time she was haunted by a fear that some old acquaintance, especially Colonel Dyer, who was somewhere in the city—unless the Legislature had risen—should meet and recognize her. She did one day come face to face with Colonel Dyer. He was coming out of a store as she was going in. There was a crowd, and for one moment he had looked her square in the face as they stood still in the press. Beatrice, covered with confusion, expecting nothing but ignominious exposure, was relieved when he passed on oblivious to her existence.

She need not have been troubled. Beatrice Douglass was no more like Alma Neale than a dead tree, scathed by lightning, standing stark and white in the forest, is like the same tree it was in its glory of foliage and bloom.

Beatrice looked decidedly as if she had been pulled between the mill-stones. Her curls were as stringy, her eyes as baggy, her cheeks as pallid, her dress as dusty and frayed, as those of any workwoman in the city. She felt utterly dragged out, and willing to become anything, lobbyist or assistant editress to a flash weekly, if it would only bring her money.

A young girl came down the steps from Beacon Street, and met a pleasant-faced old gentleman coming up the Mall.

"Will you please tell me the way to Lowell depot?" she asked.

The old gentleman gave her very minute directions, and then asked: "Going to work in the mills?"

"No, sir," said the young lady, indignantly.

"No offense, I hope," said the old gentleman. "It is not a bad life and it pays well. I have a daughter in the mills—that is why I wanted to know—for they have asked for more hands in the Merrimac Corporation—I thought if you wanted a place in the mills, I'd speak of it, that's all. Good-bye, ma'am."

"Good-bye. Thank you, sir." And they parted.

With a sudden impulse, Beatrice sprang up and followed the girl. There was work, there were wages, and here was a pair of willing hands.

The girl chose to walk, for which Beatrice was inwardly thankful, as she really could not afford carriage, nor could she ever have found her way through such intricate streets without inquiring every step, she was quite sure. So following quickly after her guide, she at length reached Lowell depot, and still keeping near, saw her pay for a ticket, and marked with joy that she had money enough to buy one, too. No sooner thought than done. Her last cent was gone. But what of that? She had no farewells to make, no home to sigh for. She was owing nothing at her boarding place, and with her first earnings could send an expressman for her two trunks, and she sighed as she wished they were but one. After all, was not Lowell as good a place to die in as Boston?

"Merrimac Corporation." That was what she inquired for as she disembarked. The railroad porter answered, "Right straight ahead."

Not having the slightest idea what a "corporation" was, in mill parlance, Beatrice just stood and stared, till the porter came to her again, and waving his hand vaguely about said, "The corporation lies all along there. That's Dutton Street. All them are corporation boarding-houses."

Well, board was, of course, the first thing to secure. So Beatrice walked down Dutton Street, and stopped at the first of the long block of brick houses, each with a little square garden in front.

The kindly-faced lady who came to the door told her she could board there, that she could very likely get work, told her where to go, and whom to inquire of. All the world smiled and smiled again. Work was just waiting to drop into her hands.

"Lucky for you," said Miss Tiffins. "'Tis bad to be hunting work on Saturday night." Miss Tiffins was her boarding mistress.

"Really!" thought Beatrice, "it was a risk to start for a new place to find work so late Saturday afternoon."

The bells rang, men and women came flocking up the street. Girls and gray-headed women in coarse brown dresses, or covered with long pink tires, bustled into the door, hung up their sunbonnets in the entry, washed in the closet under the stairs, and went away to their rooms to change their clothes. Then they came down to supper.

Two long, uncovered, pine-wood tables with stools packed thickly around them, occupied the narrow room. Every girl took a stool, passed up the cup and saucer which set on the bottom of her plate to the one who sat nearest a pitcher of sweetened tea, turned over her plate and "pitched in." There was one

peculiarity Beatrice noticed which was common to all these girls. Without exception they talked through their noses. And another thing, they all had small, soft, white hands, with delicately tapered fingers. The first she conceived was caused by the cotton stuffing up their heads. The second she discovered came by long employment in the mills. For these girls did actually nothing but spin and weave fragile threads of cotton, which require a most delicate touch to manipulate.

The food was abundant, though roughly served. There was a hearty good-will and friendliness about the girls, and a cheer in the whole household that gave Beatrice a feeling of at-homeness for the first time since she had quitted Smollet and Alma Neale, such a long, long time ago. How her food was relished, how she reveled in the light desultory chat, full of strange phrases.

"Do you wear your pickout comb in your belt, Rene?"

"No, I always carry it in my pocket."

"So did I, but I tore my pocket all to pieces, so I put it in my belt, and see what I got by it," as the speaker held up a scratched and mangled wrist.

"Be you a spare hand?" asked a girl across the table.

"Yes," said the first. "And I've had nothing but pickouts all day. I've got two great long ones left over to-night."

"Does the work run worse in warm weather?" asked Phi Norris, who was new to the business.

"Yes, a great deal worse. The threads keep snapping all the time, and these two last days have been 'most as bad as August. They said that with these new slasher warps it wasn't so bad, but I don't see much differ. It takes the whole time to knot threads, and it tries my eyes so!"

A girl with her head tied up and a shawl on, groaned. "Yes, weavin's dretful tryin' to the eyes. I had to give it up, but I don't know but windin's full as bad. It makes my back ache orful!" She groaned again and sadly stirred the tea which she was drearily sipping with her spoon.

"Well, I don't want five looms, then, I know," pursued the new beginner. "I told Ripley I'd take five this summer, but 'tis as much I can do to 'tend four if the threads are going to break so."

"Yes, that's the way," cried Rene. "He'll be trying to get you to promise to take another loom, in July and August, for the hands always fall off then, and they come short. They have been flush all along, but the hands are beginning to fall off already. *Jenny went to-day*," she added, lowering her voice.

"I'm going Monday morning," exclaimed a joyful voice from the other table. "Oh! won't I be glad to get home?"

"*Jin didn't go home*," pursued Rene, in the same mysterious voice, "but I don't s'pose she'll come back again. She went to Manchester. She had a telegram that her brother was dead."

"What's the matter been with him?" asked several.

"I don't know. She didn't seem inclined to tell,

and I didn't like to ask her. Thought perhaps 'twas a suicide. He worked in the mills, you know." As if that were a sufficient cause for suicide at any time.

"Oh! I shouldn't wonder," assented the girls.

"Ain't Ripley gay?" cried a dashing maiden, whose tongue kept continually wagging. "There's a devil in his eye, I tell you."

"So there is," said another. "And I don't think he's half so nice as Bloker."

"Oh! Bloker!" exclaimed the first, with a very expressive gesture. "He'll never burn out of the mill."

"Why?" asked Tilly Norris, his admirer.

"He's too green. Aha! but Ripley's the one to make the girls' hearts jiggle. Heigho!

"He thinks he's nobby, and so do I;  
And I like the devil that's in his eye,"

she sang.

"Nettie Richards! You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said the girl with her head tied up. Bloker's with two of Ripley, and Mr. Adams knows it, too. And if anybody ever goes out of this mill in disgrace you'll see who 'tis."

"How awfully pointed you are, Pameley!" laughed Nettie. "Do you mean me?"

"I don't call names," mumbled Pamela, and then she nodded sagely, adding, "but you won't never come to no good end, Nettie Richards, mark my words!" And having finished her cup, she left the table.

"O Pameley, you must be sick!" called Nettie, after her. At which very appreciable joke all the gay girls laughed again.

"Be you goin' into the mills, Monday?" asked Beatrice's next neighbor.

"Yes," replied Miss Douglass, wincing a little at the twang of the weaving-room, her future home. Ah, me!

"Well, then," continued her interrogator, "I hope you'll come into our room, for we've got the killing-spare hand. I've had the dreadfulest time with my work to-day and kept him over my looms all the time. If the other's weren't just mad!"

All the girls laughed at this, and rising from the tables flocked into the hall-way. The younger ones lingered about the open front door, the women went into the parlor, so did Beatrice.

Pamela was there, taking medicine with many a groan and shudder.

"I hope you ain't goin' to die," said one of the gray-haired women. "Have you made your will?"

"Tain't anything to you, Miss Lucas, whether I've made my will or not, that I can see."

"Oh! don't, Pameley! don't speak to me in that tone. Haven't I alvix been a good friend to you?"

"I don't know anubuddy in this house that hain't."

"Wal, Pameley, I suppose you'll leave your money to sumbuddy in the house, seein's you ain't got no relations."

"I don't think I shell. Guess I shell leave it to the furrin missions."

"Or to the Bible Society," suggested another gray-haired sister.

"Or to feeble churches," said another.

"Or to eddicate young ministers!" snapped Miss Lucas, who scented sarcasm in their words.

"You are all very kind, but I've about made up my mind to furrin missions."

"I would not, Pamela," said a pale young woman in black, who was looking out of the window. "I would leave it to some person with whom I was acquainted, and whom I knew really needed it."

"Yes," said Miss Lucas, "that's jest what I think about it. And I'm thinkin', Pameley, that seein's you're pretty frail, that it behoofs you to make your will while you still have your reasonable fakilities."

"So do I," chimed in the two other women.

"Oh, Laudy massy!" groaned Pamela, "what a fuss you do make over my money. Why, 'tain't more'n three or four hundred dollars, and I shell likely use it all afore I die. For frail as you think I be, I guess I shell live as long and keep my reasonable fakilities as long as any of ye. Ef there should be anythin' left over when I die, I guess Mr. Adams can tell what to do with it."

Miss Lucas groaned. One of the other women said, very severely, "I've read, Pameley, that it showed a miserliness of spirit, and a sort of selfishness, not bein' willin' to give away folkeses money while they was alive, like as ef they would cling to the filthy lucre, and try to carry it with 'em should be anythin' left over when I die, I guess Mr. Adams can tell what to do with it."

"Where is that, you say greenbacks don't pass?" exclaimed Miss Lucas, anxiously. She had lost the thread of argument, but the solemn emphasis of the last words struck her.

"Why, on the other side of the river, you know."

Miss Lucas looked aghast. The river meant the Merrimac to her. But the other woman said, "Yes, yes! that's so," and the mentor continued: "I hope, Pameley, that you won't lose your immortal soul because of them few dollars in the bank."

"If I do, 'twill be because of your pesterin' me so as 'twould try the patience of a saint," snapped Pamela.

"O Pameley!" groaned Miss Lucas, much shocked. "I hope and trust that you won't be called away in that frame o' mind."

Beatrice could not "hold in" another minute, she succumbed to an uncontrollable and irrepressible fit of laughter. Pamela joined with her, and recognizing a kindred spirit, though on a higher plane, cried out, "Do you come from Maine?"

"No," said Beatrice. "I belong in Massachusetts."

"Oh! I'm sorry. I was goin' to ask you, if I should die while you was here, if you'd see me safe home."

"Why, Pameley!" shrieked Miss Lucas, in heart-broken tones, "how often I've promised that I'd never leave your corpee 'till I'd seen it safe in the

ground, over and over again, at whatever trouble and expense to me."

"Oh, you needn't be to no expense about it," muttered Pamela. "I've money enough to pay my way."

"I'm sure, Pamel'y," cried the other two, "we shouldn't none of us think 'twas a trouble to see your body home."

"And I wish, Pamel'y," added one, with skillful flattery, "that you'd promise me that when I come to die you'd carry my body down to Machias. There's nobody I can trust like you."

"I will, Miss Bean, I will," replied Pamela, earnestly.

"There's George!" said the watcher at the window, and went to meet a young man whom Beatrice supposed was her lover.

They sat down by the window, and the girls came crowding in, plying George with questions at first; then, leaving him with his girl, they sat idly down the other side of the room and began their mill gossip.

"There are some horrid weavers in our rooms," said Nettie Richards, who was a spinner. "Foreigners, too; and they have boxes of flowers all along in the windows on our side. Ripley gave one of them a hit to-day. Wasn't I glad! She was over on our side watering her geraniums, and he came along. 'Get away from here!' he said. 'Take away your old flowers! I don't want you slopping mud and water all over the floor.' She took her box and went off crying. She went past my looms, and I just laughed."

"Why, what harm did her flowers do?" asked one of the weavers.

"Oh, we don't want 'em tramping over our side. You see we have all the sunny windows. Their flowers won't bloom on their side of the room, but Ripley made 'em take away every box. Weren't they mad! And didn't we laugh!"

"You are a mean, heartless thing, Nettie Richards!" exclaimed Pamela. "Ripley has no right to tyrannize over those poor girls so."

"No more have they any right in our room," said Nettie.

"Why?" asked Beatrice.

"Because they are weavers, and ours is a spinning-room. But there was an empty space at one end, where Mr. Adams thought he could stand some looms; and I suppose the poor things were poor, and he wanted to give 'em work. But we don't want 'em there; nor Ripley don't want 'em there. We don't want their noise, and we don't want their smell. Ach! 'twill be just dreadful in July and August. There is one of 'em close side of me—and, oh! she is so strong of onions and cabbages, and I don't know what! She has dreadful times with her work. The threads get tangled and break, and she sweats and smells. And I ask Ripley to open the windows, and tell him I can't work there, there's such a fogoe, and try to borrow cologne of the girls. Oh, we do hector 'em awfully! They won't stand it very long, but

will leave in a body. When they go down-stairs in front of us, we step on their short dresses. Oh, how mad they get, and scold us in their outlandish gibberish!"

"Ripley ought to be ashamed to have such goings on in his room," said Pamela. "And if it comes to the point between Ripley and the weavers, 'twill be Ripley that goes out, now mark my words!"

"Don't any of you girls sew or read evenings?" asked Beatrice, sickened at the prospect of the life spreading before her, and wearied of endless twaddle.

"They won't let us," said Rene. "We've got to keep our eyes and our fingers for the weaving."

Beatrice felt sadly disturbed. Must she give up her beloved books? Were her nights bought and paid for as well as her days? She began to feel chains tightening about her wrists and ankles.

Beatrice felt the shackles more on the next day, Sunday. The girls, in splendid suits, before which her black alpaca paled into insignificance, were standing around the open door and windows, commenting on the gay throng which passed. The streets were full of people. It seemed impossible that all these men and women could have found lodging in the corporation boarding-houses. Occasionally a fiercely moustached and bewhiskered individual drove past with a mill-girl in her Sunday best, who nodded triumphantly to acquaintances in the doors, envious of her nobby escort. And the jealous girls supplemented their friendly bows with spiteful remarks.

The young man who had been there the previous evening came in and walked up-stairs. He held a little boy by either hand.

"Who are those children?" asked Beatrice; children seemed so out of place among these people.

"Miss Barbar's. He is Miss Barbar's husband. He's come to take her to church." And with that, down-stairs the pale-faced woman came, leading the youngest boy, and followed by her husband. "He works in the carpet-mill, and the children board in the country."

"Why I didn't know any of you were married!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"Why, yes," said Miss Bean. "I'm married—or at least I have been. But my husband was killed in the war. I have a boy and girl here in different corporations."

"And don't you ever see them?" asked Beatrice.

"Oh, yes! I see 'em sometimes to church, and I walk down to my girl's boardin'-place about once a month. But I don't go to see my boy, for he don't want no gray-headed old woman round inquirin' after him. But he's a good boy, and comes up to see me pretty often. Be you goin' to meetin'?"

"No, I shall not go till my trunks come with my dresses."

"Then wouldn't you like to walk around and see the scenery? I'll take you out after they're all gone to church."

"Thank you. Indeed I would like to go."

For Beatrice was, beginning to weary of the mill twang and sippant gossip going on around her. Only



one thing could reconcile her to the work she had undertaken. That was the beauty of the dresses in which her companions shone. "If I can dress like that," thought Beatrice, "I'll do anything in the world."

There was a wrinkled, toothless crone, with fluffy yellow hair, who did the chamberwork in a short petticoat, faded calico sack, and coarse shoes down at the heels. She came into the parlor after every one had left but Pamela and Beatrice—came in twisting and mincing, a gorgeous salmon-colored silk trailing behind her, a new bonnet and gloves in her hand. Such a miracle of lace and flowers as that bonnet was! Beatrice could not imagine it above her wrinkled face. But somehow the face had lost half its wrinkles. False teeth and paint make such a difference. Her fluffy hair was crimped in front, and helped out with false curls and braids behind; her big feet forced into the smallest gaiters they could wear with impunity; showy jewelry added its splendors to the rich silk which was profusely trimmed with elegant lace.

"I have got six yards more to make meself a overdress. Do you think it will be enough, Pamela?" she drawled, in a ridiculously affected tone.

"Six yards won't go very far over such a big hoop as that," said Pamela, sententiously.

The chambermaid tossed her head and laughed.

"I came to ask you to tie on me undersleeves. I haven't got any elastics yit."

She handed Pamela two knotty shoe laces, and turned up her arm-drapery. Pamela pulled down the soiled and ragged sleeve of some undergarment.

"Are you going to wear that thing?" she asked.

"Law, it won't show. Thankie; will you tie the other?"

"You are a dirty, lazy woman. That's what you are."

"Oh, dear me! We all have to know how to take you, Pamela!"

"Yes, a proud, filthy, lazy woman! What feller are you goin' after to-day?"

"Why-ee, Pamela! I am goin' to see me little booy."

"Your little boy? Umph! Glad he'll be to see ye."

"I hope so. Will you just button that glove?"

"You can't squeeze them gloves around your big wrists to save your life."

"Oh, yes, Pamela! Take this hair-pin."

"Don't it hurt your hand?"

"No, indeed! My hands will bear a great deal of squeezing."

"You wrinkled old beldame! How your boy must hate the sight of you?"

"Oh-h! don't say *that*, Pamela!" she cried, tying on her bonnet. "Oh! you do not know a mother's *ha-a-art*. Me boy, Pamela, is all the world to me!" And with a final simper at the glass, and approving nod directed toward Beatrice, the woman swept away.

"Fine feathers make fine birds!" said Pamela. "Humph!"

Mrs. Bean came in dressed for a walk, and carried Beatrice off to view the scenery of Lowell—which, in the first place, consisted of all the stores on Merrimack Street.

"Which way shall we go, now?" asked Mrs. Bean, when those interesting objects were exhausted. "Up or down?"

"I'm sure I don't know. What is to be seen in either direction?"

"Well, that way only goes across the river. We can see the most houses this way."

"Oh, let us go across the river!"

"Well, but there ain't nothing to be seen there, on'y grass, and trees, and flowers, and such things. There is one or two houses, though."

They paused midway of the covered bridge, and looked out of a window. The wide, smooth river flowed away, away, its dancing ripples shimmering in the sunshine. Green banks sloped down to it, with apple-orchards hiding all sorts of sweet possibilities in the way of home-life. Little black waves slid up and down, up and down, against the shore. Deeper shadows lay under the bridge, and the waves were bigger that lapped against its piers. Far off, the Merrimack was all one sheeny breadth of white sunshine.

"Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"Yes," said her companion, "all them windows do like nice; all so even. I do think a mill is the purtiest thing there is."

Beatrice turned in amazement. Sure enough. The opposite shore was one long brick wall of mills.

"Let us go on!" she cried; "I want to sit down in the grass close to the water's brink! I was born on a river."

"Was you? Wal, 'tis nice. And when you come to think of how many mills it keeps a-going, and how many folks it gives work to, 'tis sumptin' amazin'. Why, they say this river starts away off up in Hampshire somewheres, and comes clear down through Massechussetts, and empties out into the ocean, and there's mills on it the whole way. And every mill has sights of hands. Was the' many mills in your town?"

They sat beneath the apple-trees, with the water at their feet, and Beatrice drew a word-picture of the beautiful little village where she was born, the loveliest spot in all the world to her.

When she had finished, Mrs. Bean remarked, triumphantly: "'Tain't so much of a place as Lowell, after all." Then she got up, stretched and yawned. "Hadn't we better go back to the city? There ain't much to see here."

"Do you know where General Butler lives?" asked Beatrice.

"No," replied Mrs. Bean, with a puzzled look. "I ain't no jogfer."

"Why he lives in Lowell," said Beatrice, astonished at the answer.

"Oh, well, I don't know nothin' about the city. I've never been beyond the corporation," with a tone of pride. "No, I've lived here twenty-six years, woman and girl, and never been beyond the corporation limits."

"Twenty-six years! And have you been in the Merrimac Mills all that time?"

"Yes, in the same mills and the same boarding-house. That's my home. I've lived there, and I expect to die there."

"And your children?"

"Oh, they were born in the mills, and they don't know nothin' different."

Poor Beatrice wondered if folks born in the mills were called jogfers, or why Mrs. Bean was not one. She had no idea that Mrs. Bean had meant geographer by her singular phrase.

"Are you contented to live so?" she asked.

"Why, yea," Mrs. Bean was amazed and confounded by the question. "Of course I'm contented. Ef I hadn't wanted to worked here, I shouldn't have come."

*(Concluded in next number.)*

### FOR LIFE.

**W**HEN the knot is once tied there is no untying,  
Save in disgrace, or the pain of dying.  
Vows may be plighted, and words may be spoken,

That can ne'er be unsaid, and can never be broken,  
But that some aching heart will be lonely and dreary,  
And some one's young life become painfully weary.

Innocent feet, that tread only on flowers,  
Many there be in this fair world of ours  
At the bright threshold of maidenhood yearning,  
Once it is crossed, there can be no returning.  
Take but a step, and your feet have passed over,  
And you have a husband instead of a lover.

Oh, if the lip that receives love's first kisses,  
Never this pledge of love's loyalty misses!  
Oh, if the eyes that grow bright with love's gladness,  
Never would dim or be misty with sadness!  
But sometimes the shadows creep over unbidden,  
And under the roses the serpent lies hidden.

Better go on thro' life's journey unmated,  
Than find, all too late, love's choice was ill-fated.  
Better to sing all alone and unfettered,  
Than sigh o'er a life that might have been bettered;  
For, save in disgrace, or the pain of dying,  
When the knot is once tied there can be no untying.

MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

"THE world needs men more than anything else. Rubies are not to be mentioned by the side of men that are stable, men that are thoroughly honest and reliable, men that are right, men that are competent in their sphere. Such men are more precious than the gold of Ophir."

### CLARA'S MISSIONARY.

**W**E had recently moved to Noeville, Clara and I; and Mrs. Despard, making her first call, was explaining the hopeless condition of the mission. She was a little, wizened-up old lady with iron-gray puffs, and she seemed to take the gloomy side of everything.

"For thirty years," she said, as she rose to go, "for thirty years I have worked, and the mission has not grown. I have given up hope, for my part, and every one is against us."

We felt our zeal rising. Clara looked at me with a determined frown. "Let us work together, my dear Mrs. Despard," she cried, "and let us establish the mission—we three!"

Mrs. Despard stared politely. "For thirty years I have met with no encouragement whatever," she said, coolly; "and although it is gratifying, I am sure, to meet with sympathy, still I can give you very little hope that we shall succeed."

"Sit down once more," I begged; "and tell us about it all from the beginning."

"There is not much to tell," she said, as she complied; "but it seems impossible to establish an Episcopal mission in this place. Failure has succeeded failure until the very mention of the feeble services we are able to have awakens a smile. Wrong men have been sent here, and now there is no one at all. I have even read prayers myself at the Court-House—think of that. The other churches flourish and increase, and in a place of this size surely we should be represented. There are plenty of people who go nowhere at all, and we might have them."

"It must be done," said Clara. "What is wanted—money?"

"Money, certainly; but at present a missionary even more. Although, I suppose if we had the money to pay one, we should be supplied immediately."

That night Clara wrote to the bishop, asking him to send some one, and offering to pay what was necessary for his support for a year. "At the end of that time," she wrote, "we shall see what we have done, and be better able to promise for the future."

We waited impatiently for an answer, and at last it came in the shape of the missionary himself. I think he must have imagined that Clara was a bony old maid, for when she entered with me, he started out of his lazy attitude, and seemed for the moment transfixed with astonishment. I was too much amused to attempt to set him at ease; but Clara felt no amusement and no embarrassment. This was her missionary. In a certain sense she owned him. She looked at him critically, and seemed satisfied. So she might well be as to appearance, for he was a comely young fellow; but I felt annoyed to think that he was so young, and evidently unmarried. I had hoped for a large family to respond, to make a beginning for a Sunday-school, and to inveigle in other children. I was growing a very Jesuit in my zeal for the mission.

"Mr. Lequesue," said Clara, as she waved him to a chair, "I am very glad to see you. No doubt the bishop has told you about this place, and you are prepared for discouragement."

"I know all the circumstances," he replied; "and I do not intend to give up. I have seen Mrs. Despard, and she did her best to frighten me; but I mean to put things into better shape, and I look for good results. If we persevere, we shall succeed in time."

Then, after more talk, he asked for some music. I knew by the way he did it that he was dying to play himself. Clara sat down and played a dreamy German reverie, and after that a gay waltz. This was always her plan, for, she said, a sad piece and a lively one contrasted well, showed one's skill in different styles, and was certain, besides, to please, for if the audience did not like the first they would like the second.

Mr. Lequesue praised the performance, and when asked if he would play, he went to the piano with an alacrity that promised well. He played excellently, and he sang even better. I knew now why he had been so fidgety to begin. He rendered Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" with a brilliant precision, and then, after a plaintive prelude, he sang a sweet little French love song about a cottage and hawthorn, and a great deal of love indeed. His accent was pure, his voice was enchanting, and we sat spell-bound until he stopped.

Afterwards Clara confided to me that he could draw her over a cliff with that voice.

We were puzzled when we came to talk him over. He was very well dressed, and he was evidently an accomplished gentleman. What could have induced him to come to this screaming desert as a missionary? We thought of all sorts of unworthy motives, of course; one always does when one tries to probe other people's reasons; but in the end we concluded that he had come because the bishop sent him, and that he meant sincerely to try to build up the church.

As the weeks went on, a few more were added to our slim numbers, and on a saint's day, which fell in June, we gathered together and proposed to "dress the church." That meant to decorate Mrs. Despard's front drawing-room, where we held our services, with all the roses we could get. The bishop was to make his annual visitation on the evening of that day, and one person was to be confirmed.

We worked early and late, and really turned the room into a very fair pretense of a chapel. The Rev. Lequesue had a fine artistic taste, and when he came in to see how things looked, he was kind enough to approve. But he objected to one thing. He said we had too much color, and that more white roses would improve the effect.

At that moment Mrs. Despard called me, and I left the room. I remembered afterwards that I saw Mr. Lequesue turn toward Clara, and say something in a persuasive manner, and that she laughed and seemed to consent. Mrs. Despard prosed away about the evening arrangements, and detained me over half

an hour, and when I went back to the drawing-room there was no one there. I waited for some time, and then I stepped into the hall and asked a young lady who had been assisting if she had seen anything of Clara; but she had been busy, and had not seen her leave. By and by I concluded that she had gone home, so, declining Mrs. Despard's invitation to tea, I hurried away. But no, the maid said that Miss Clara had not been in since.

The bishop was to arrive on the evening train, and the time was drawing near. My heart began to sink with a dread of some unknown woe. Time went on. I dressed with cold and trembling hands, and leaving a message in case Clara should return, I went to Mrs. Despard's at the hour appointed for evening service. I found her in high dudgeon, and the bishop sitting with more than ordinary dignity, and a frown clouding his usually pleasant face. They questioned me eagerly. Mr. Lequesue had not met the bishop; no one knew where he was.

"And Clara," I stammered, "she is gone, too!"

"Eloped," said Mrs. Despard, sourly.

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed. "What need of that? There was no one to elope from. Clara is free to do as she pleases; and so, I suppose, is Mr. Lequesue."

"Certainly," said the bishop, promptly. "Fine young man. I have known him from his boyhood, and he is the soul of honor. Something unusual, no doubt, has occurred. However, the hour is upon us, and we must proceed."

How did we ever get through that service! I rose and sat down mechanically. I told the candidate for confirmation when to go up. I knelt, and said Amen in the right places, and I sang with a steady voice; but I was sick with anxiety.

The bishop remained as long as he could the next day, and inquiries were made right and left; but all that we could find out was that Mr. Lequesue had ordered a phaeton, and that he and Miss Clara had been seen driving on a certain road which led to a neighboring town.

I went home and shut myself up, and, figuratively, put dust on the head of me. I had set my heart so on the success of the church. We were disgraced again. Surely, I thought, the mission had a blight upon it. Some awful curse must have been put upon the place to have such dreadful endings to all efforts. I lay in misery, refusing to eat, and not daring to sleep for fear of missing any tidings, until I began to sicken in earnest. I have a misty recollection of feeling that I was losing myself, and I think I crawled to the door and unlocked it. Then came a long black time, with roses red and white falling, falling around me, and a monotonous chant that never came to amen, and then I woke up one day with my face on a cool bunch of flowers, and heard a voice say: "She is better now. Oh, see!"

Looking up, I saw Clara bending over me. Clara, but whiter and thinner than I had ever seen her.

"Oh, where? where?" I cried. "Tell me!"

"When you are better, dear," she said. "Rest now."

Too weak to insist, I obeyed, and it was not for several days after that that I heard how it all happened, and it was simple enough when explained.

Mr. Lequesue knew of a place where there was plenty of white roses, and proposed that they should go after some. It was about a mile out of town, and they could easily get there and back in an hour. Clara agreed, and they started; but they had not gone much more than half way, when they saw a boy lying on the roadside apparently helpless. Mr. Lequesue called to him as they came near, but he did not move. He stopped the horse, and asked Clara to take the reins while he got out. He found the boy moaning feebly, and half-insensible. When he touched him, he gave a sharp cry and opened his eyes.

"What is the matter?" asked the rector.

"I think my leg is broke," replied the boy. "Don't touch me."

"How came you here?"

"Father was taken worse. We live out of Blankton a mile or so, and they sent me for the doctor. Then I was to go on an errand in Noeville, and I was riding Peter, and he is easily scared, and he shied at something and threw me. Then he ran away—home, I suppose. I don't know how long I have been here, but I'm suffering awful." His words came out feebly, and he was deathly white.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Lequesue, kindly. "I wonder if you would let me lift you into the phaeton yonder, and we will drive you to the doctor. It won't be long, and I will be very gentle."

So he moved him in, and Clara helped to support him while they drove as rapidly as possible to the next town, which was nearly five miles off. As they passed the house where they had meant to get the roses, a boy was leaning over the gate. Mr. Lequesue stopped for a moment to give him a message to carry back to the bishop, while Clara charged him to tell me what had happened. If the boy had obeyed, much anxiety, some scandal, and a severe illness to me would have been saved; but, unfortunately, they paid him beforehand, instead of telling him to get his reward from us, so he never troubled himself to come near Noeville.

At Blankton they found that the doctor had gone out of town to see the boy's father, so there was nothing for it but to follow; for Mr. Lequesue tried in vain to get some one to take the boy. There was no time to parley, for the child was again almost insensible with pain, and they drove on silent and troubled. The sun was set when they reached the house, and a solemn stillness reigned. The farmer was dying. The doctor left him to see the boy.

"Dear, dear," he said, shaking his head, "more trouble for these poor women. Yes, his leg is broken. You must remain here to-night, both of you, if possible. The farmer can't live till morning, and the child won't get over this injury without great care. He will want some one beside him all night, and the people here are worn out with long watching."

They could not find it in their hearts to hesitate.

And in the presence of death, grief and pain, the bishop's visitation, the confirmation, and the whole service at Noeville, which had seemed so immensely important a few hours since, sank into insignificance. Besides, there was the message sent by the boy, which would relieve all anxiety. Clara even hoped that I would come to her before morning.

That night the farmer died, as the doctor had predicted. Mr. Lequesue started back for Noeville on the following afternoon, leaving Clara to nurse the boy, who could not bear her out of his sight. But, as if mishaps were never to cease, he took a wrong turning, and did not reach home until late at night, by which time I was in a raging fever, and unable to understand what they told me. Of course, Clara came home as soon as she received word of my illness, and as soon as I fully recovered my consciousness she told me all about the misadventure.

After listening attentively, I said to her: "And pray, my dear, how does all this account for your wearing that very curious-looking signet ring that I have frequently observed on a manly hand not unknown to us both?"

Clara colored crimson. "It does account for it, nevertheless," she replied; "for when Mr. Lequesue—his other name is Willie—was assisting the doctor, a bandage caught on the point of the setting. He took off the ring and gave it me to hold. I put it on my finger, and he begged me afterwards to allow it to remain there."

Noeville was pleased to approve of Clara and Mr. Lequesue, and the affair brought us into notice. The farmer's family gave it as their opinion that "them Episcopalists weren't such bad ones, after all," and our numbers increased and multiplied, until the next spring we were able to put up the most exquisite little Gothic chapel. The chancel window, presented by the congregation, was a picture of the Good Samaritan aiding the sufferer by the wayside.

When the red and white roses bloomed again, there was a marriage in the church. And on the morning of the bridal I said to Clara: "So you are really and truly to own the missionary, my dear—or the rector, I suppose we must call him now. May he live to be a bishop!"

And Clara made a sweet and happy reply, which I told afterwards to "Willie," but which I do not mean to tell to any one else. EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

IN Russia a husband may appear as a witness in a lawsuit against his wife, but a wife is not heard against her husband; a man may oblige his wife to work for him, but a wife cannot sue her husband even for necessities, and she has no redress against him if he deserts her.

DRUNKENNESS is a sin, at which the most sober heathens blushed. The Spartans brought their children to loathe it, by showing them a drunkard, whom they gazed at as a monster. Even Epicurus himself, who esteemed happiness to consist in pleasure, yet was temperate, as Cicero observes.





## WILL HE BE THERE?

ALL ready for the party!  
 How little the world may know  
 Of the hopes that close in a nestling rose,  
 Or lurk in a dainty bow!

My gauzy robes of whiteness,  
 The glistening gems I wear,  
 And the very glow that my cheeks may show,  
 All whisper, "Will he be there?"

How fast my heart is beating!  
 Ah, surely its throbbings tell  
 That for me, to-night, is the blessed sight  
 Of one whom I love so well.

How empty scenes of splendor!  
 'Tis nothing that I am fair!  
 And my heart's deep pain calls the whole world vain,  
 If he is not there, not there. M. B. H.

## FROM PIPSEY'S BASKET.

I WAS sitting by the window looking out at the clouds, white and feathery, and the sunshine aslant on the western hills, rocking slowly and musing. Only the day before, one of our neighbors, a garrulous, good woman, had said to me, if the deacon should die I would be left lonely, with no one to care for me, and that of all things a loveless life was the saddest. I never had thought much about it. I had said, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and looked away and rejoiced in the delightful present.

Just then the mail matter was tossed into my lap from the open window, and one of the letters was from the poor wife who so sadly wailed out, "What shall I do with my husband?" That minute I laughed aloud over the difficulty which I had been pondering on—the possibility of a loveless, lonely life. I was glad that I had no husband to "manage;" that I was my own mistress; that there was no one to say, "come" and "go," "do this" and "do that," and "beware of the penalty of my displeasure."

But here is the letter; it tells its own story, brokenly, sadly; and it does seem a little too much mystery enshrouds it, but enough is told to carry the inference with it of a life shadowed and sorrowing:

"DEAR PIPSEY: Here, take my hand away across half the United States. I love you; you are my friend; you have done me good, and have helped me to bear my burden. I am so tired. I have worked for months from five o'clock in the morning until ten at night; so hard that I didn't eat and couldn't sleep; and now I have become exhausted mentally and physically. I feel almost idiotic sometimes. But I have help now, and want to try and rest and gather up strength again. The music and reading that I had in store for the good time coming, awaits my pleasure now; but my heart does not go out after it. My children cluster about me, and lean on my chair, and ask me questions; but I seem not to hear them, or not to heed them. Sometimes I say, 'The heart within me is dead, else why do I not rise again?'"

"I thought if I worked hard I could forget the constant pain of soul. Some one says, there is no balm for woe that brings the healing power that lies in occupation; busy hands and busy feet, and the thoughts following after the constant strain of labor.

"I had no mother in my childhood; no one to tell me that the most precious jewel in a woman's keeping was her fair name, her unsullied character; and the taint, the breath of suspicion, rested on me while I was yet almost a child; and do you think I can ever, ever get away from it, ever forget this blight, ever sit down in peace, and quiet, and sweet repose? I was married when I was eighteen, but had been engaged in marriage twice ere then, once when I was in my sixteenth year and once in my seventeenth. I can see now that this was wrong, unwise, frivolous, fickle, trifling with serious subjects; but then I thought it was 'smart.' I liked to be admired,

petted, sought after; and the praise bestowed on my pretty face filled me with pleasure. Fops they were who praised me—silly young men, whose good opinion was worth nothing; but I was young and inexperienced, and did not estimate these things at their proper value. Oh that girls only knew in their early lives; only had a tithe of the wisdom that comes with the years that creep on apace, bringing stern, practical knowledge, and the bare truths that would once have availed them much!

"I cannot tell it all, dear Pipsey; it could never be all written. I try to put it out of my mind, but sometimes it comes back to me so strong and so bitter, that I cry aloud, and fall overwhelmed; I cannot bear the thought of living; I hate myself, and I hate all those who have pointed the finger of scorn at me—hate the past, and dread the future, and have no pleasure in thinking of anything in the by-gone days and years.

"I did hope that my sad, sad story would not follow me to my home in the West. I hoped to begin a new life, and be as one born again. Oh, it is so hard that the thoughtless deeds of a young girl should cast such a blight all over the coming life of the woman, the mother, the wife, even on to the period in which she is a white-haired grandmother! It seems so cruel, and is so hard to bear. The world judges harshly at best; it metes out justice more than tenfold—justice sharper than a two-edged sword, and not tempered by mercy, either. I often ask myself if I was so very bad; I cannot believe that I was.

"I told my husband everything before we were married; but his is a suspicious nature, and sometimes he believes I kept back a part, and that almost breaks my heart. I have been a true wife and mother, and this hint, and these neighborhood rumors, and these averted faces, almost kill me. One woman even went so far as to write a letter of inquiry back to my old home, to pry into the past years and the buried by-gone, to find somewhat against me.

"My own husband to doubt me! To go back and uncover my dead, and gloat over it, and look upon it from different points, and arrive at different conclusions; and I to sit and wring my hands and cry aloud over the bitter past! What are girlhood's gifts, and graces, and charms but snares and pitfalls, after all! A woman's life from beginning to end is a mystery and a sorrow—alas!

'All alone to solve the doubt,  
To work the life-long problem out,  
Casting our feeble hands about  
For human help, for human cheer,  
Or only for a human tear—  
Forgetting God is always near.'

"Dear Pipsey, I could bear all, if my husband only had full confidence in me. His cool, keen eye looks so distrustfully upon me; it seems to measure me, and take an inventory of my entire self, morally and intellectually; it seems to weigh me in the balance and find me lacking. His mother was a distrustful woman, doubting, hesitating, apprehending evil, and poor John is like her. When he says

'Now I have my doubts,' or, 'Are you sure of it,' or, 'Did you tell me everything,' oh, it makes me wish for death, oblivion, annihilation, anything in the world but his cold, calculating stare, and the inference it carries. Sometimes I think I am the most miserable of women, that my lot is the saddest which could befall a wife and mother; what do you think, you blessed old dear, can't you comfort me in some way?

"Affectionately, ———."

No, I didn't know what to say to her, that would really touch her case; to me it was peculiarly appalling; my heart went out to the poor creature, and I wrote to her words of sympathy and condolence. It was too late to proffer help, but, perhaps I can say something that will benefit young girls, and remind them of the snare that lies somewhere in their pathway—a path winding among flowers, it may be, and yet the poisonous asp lies glittering among the fragrant leaves and dewy blossoms.

Girls are not guarded enough in their behavior, they do not place a proper estimate on themselves, they hold themselves too cheaply. For instance, observe young women on the street after nightfall, see their bold, high heads turning this way and that, hear their loud laughter and loud talk, and witness the flirting of their flounces, and the streaming of their ribbons, and see the fully exposed faces, turning unconsciously toward the greatest crowd. What man, or what woman, or even what stripling, does not understand that they are seeking admiration, and endeavoring to attract attention, and desiring the homage of any one's eyes? Who has not been pained at seeing young women, jauntily attired in the latest and newest fashions, promenading around depots and the length of the long platforms after nightfall?

How unconscious they are, too—how oblivious to the leering, lustful gaze of the bleary-eyed, bloated hangers-on at these most public places—the common resort of promiscuous loafers! How can these girls, frequently the daughters of respectable parents, laugh and talk with all the freedom of their own private sitting-rooms at home, unless the natural sweetness and refinement of early womanhood be brushed off, as the lustre is from the delicately tinted grape!

It is nothing strange to see a young man take up the hand of a beautiful girl to examine her ring; seize her chain to look at it; criticise her ear-drops; toy with the curl that falls on her neck; lay his hands on her shoulder to draw her attention, or button her glove by her request; and twice in my life have I seen a young woman sit down, and thrust out her little gaiters, while a young man was permitted to draw on her overshoes.

Now, we women, who are honest and frank enough to call things by their right names, who dislike prudes, and abhor all manner of pretense, and sham, and make-believe, do aver that no refined, gentle young lady will submit to this without her innate sense of refinement being shocked, hurt, damaged.

A girl who shrinks from, and protects herself from

too much of this sort of easy freedom, now in vogue in society, increases her own value in the estimation of those whom she has to repulse. And yet we want to do men justice, and for this reason we take back the words, "has to repulse." Any gentleman of her acquaintance knows before he lifts the chain to examine it, toys with the curl, or touches her arm to draw attention, just the measure of her sensitiveness, the degree of her natural refinement and acute sensibilities, and he will respect them most loyally and generously. Young women are to blame if they do not set their price high, and give a beautiful respect to their own maiden modesty.

Only yesterday, on the street we met two girls who gave to our "heart a sudden pain." In their babyhood, and childhood, and little girlhood, we had striven to make them happy, to give a "good time" to the years that would remain longest in their memories. We had made children's parties so often with a thought to their pleasure; had planned rides, and walks, and picnics, and included them always. But they grew away from these sweet baby-days, and are now numbered with those who swell the ranks of the "girl of the period." They stride like brigands when they walk on the public street; they whoop out in loud laughter as freely as though they roamed in the lonely and lovely forest aisles among the breeze-stirred branches; the "loudest" hats trimmed in "stunning styles" are theirs—the complexions which they buy at the drug store—and address young men as Tom, and Dick, and Fred, and Will.

As they came ranting up the public street, I met them. I smiled, and said to myself, "Why, there's my little ones, Kitty and Linnet," and I began to grin a glad welcome. They were talking and laughing loudly. They never lowered their voices, or lost a note out of the mingled strain of intense merriment, not even when we met, and passed one another. They didn't see me, or, seeing me, didn't interfere nor lower their tones an octave. Their strident pace was strong, and manly, and reckless. Just as I passed them, Linnet, looking into Kitty's pretty bright brown eyes, was saying, in a full round voice that could have been heard at a distance of thirty rods, "Why, no, I wouldn't have him at all, at all!"

For the sweet cause of young womanhood, I felt hurt, and humbled, and humiliated. I want our girls to be lovely and lovable; to stand above reproach; to be looked up to as models of propriety and perfection. All safeguards to moral purity should be cherished; all the pits in the pathway of young people should be pointed out. The young are growing up amid the ruins of other lives, apparently without learning lessons therefrom, or caring for the reasons of disaster and loss of reputation. The first steps that lead down should be pointed out.

There is one feature in the training of our young girls to which I cannot become reconciled. We don't want to be prudish, and prim, and overnice—no one ever said we were, and our neighbors do not think so, and this emboldens us to speak out, now that the way is open, and the subject fairly broached.

We do most strenuously object to girls "keeping company," as it is generally practiced. Mothers should think well on this subject before they permit their daughters to entertain gentlemen. Girls have vague ideas on this subject. They should have no secrets whatever that they cannot tell their mothers. There should be the most explicit understanding between mothers and daughters.

I have seen young men who were betrothed, paying courteous and polite attention to a girl in her teens, her "first beau," and the mother coolly passed it by and spoke not against it, nor said a word of warning, and the end came—oh, so sadly! He married his affianced as per agreement, and no one noticed the thin, white face and sad eyes of the young girl who had been merely the object of "polite attention," nothing more; they never guessed at the crushing sorrow that she shut up in her soul, and of the rude shock that almost broke her heart. And he—if questioned, he would throw back his head in laughter, and say no word of his had ever given her occasion for a serious thought; and yet, secretly, he gloried in his power and influence.

These things are common, they transpire under our eyes every day, and we must keep silent and let the mother "manage" her own private affairs. Busybodies are loathsome pests in society, and no one, however graciously inclined, desires to bring that opprobrium upon herself. Remembering her own girlhood, and the fine feelings of her own shy, sweet womanly nature, the mother should draw wisdom from her own experience, and measure out in fitness what is best for her dear one, who is

Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

Just at that tender, yielding, susceptible age, when lasting impressions can be made for weal or woe, for good or ill, the mother cannot exercise a care any too watchful and loving. Not lynx-eyed, and suspicious, and cold, and stern, but the most affectionate, and gentle, and tender, and considerate that could find birth in a loving heart, made more gracious by the blessedness of motherhood.

One of the sweetest, saddest pictures that "hangs on our memory's wall," is that of a girl of sixteen years, who loved unrequitedly, as hinted at above. The young man paid her "polite attention" in the absence of his betrothed. She loved him. She fell into the flowery snare because she was a child and knew no better. She was the rarest bud of promise I ever saw. Her beauty was my ideal of perfect loveliness. She was very intelligent, too, respectable, the idol of her family, a pure child-woman, undefiled by anything gross, or rude, or coarse; no evil had laid its lightest touch on her beautiful body, nor entered into the sanctuary of her sinless soul. She kept her own secret so guarded that no one dreamed of the reality. When the wedding-day came, and her "friend" bowed her a last adieu, and thanked her for making the months so short and pleasant, "the iron entered

her soul;" she was outwardly calm, but within a pent-up volcano was there; it was barely hidden; it might break the thin crust and flame out any instant. She would have died rather than betray any hint of the mortification which was like a consuming fire.

Chance threw in her way at that very time an idle, aimless, lounging fellow, good-looking, dashing, bright-eyed, but not worthy to touch the hem of her garment. She was alone; they sat and talked; she saw the opportunity open in which she could hide the pangs of wounded pride, and show to the spying neighbors that she cared not for one who was so soon to stand at the altar beside the girl of his choice. And so she listened to the words of love that came from the lips of the hot-headed young coxcomb; and without a second thought or an hour's reflection, thinking of nothing save the agony of remorse and the pain of pride, and rent by the pangs of jealousy, and chagrined and humiliated and ashamed lest the truth become apparent, she gave her hand in marriage—thoughtless, loveless, wicked, hasty marriage. She had no friend to whom she could go in her distress of soul; she sought to bury her grief out of sight as soon as possible, and thus inconsiderately rushed headlong into this fearful ordeal. The result was disastrous. Her peace of mind was wrecked, her happiness gone forever.

Had the mother been watchful, observant, mindful of the dangers and trials that beset the path of the untaught, innocent little child-woman, the bud opening to the first warm burst of sunshine, this had all been different, the blight had not come like the untimely frost in early autumn.

"Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;  
And in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away!"

Just here, one of the girls said, "Dinner's ready, Pipey;" and I went out of my cozy little rookery into the deacon's dining-room—that was days and days ago. Since then I have been sick; began with a pain in my left temple, that I could compare to nothing except a blow from the heavy end of a shillalah in the hands of an enraged Irishman.

All those long days of pain were full of this "talk to the girls." Sometimes I thought I had written too plainly and coarsely, that I was meddling, and the mothers would all be angry with me; sometimes that I, poor Pipey, was prudish and overnice, and I turned my head on the pillow, that felt like a stone, and the hot tears burned my eyes when I seemed to hide from your displeasure, embarrassed and humiliated. I whispered to myself in condolence that I loved you all, that I desired your happiness, that I wished to make the mothers more alive to their duties, and that I would brave all your combined displeasure if my poor broken words could save even one young creature from the fate of the sorrowing soul whose pitiful letter had moved me to dwell upon this unpleasant subject.

It is so easy to go wrong, to do wrong, to act un-



wisely and inconsiderately in one's youth, that we who are older should most lovingly guard the path of the unwary and the enthusiastic. In those rash young years we see and believe things—not as they are. The mind gives to all things their coloring, their gloom or gladness; the pleasure we derive from external nature is primarily from ourselves.

"From the mind itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair, luminous mist,  
Enveloping the earth."

If the doubts, and fears, and misgivings are removed with restored health, we will finish the answer to the poor wife's letter, and give the girls the benefit, if any, of the thoughts that may be suggested on this most important and momentous subject. In the meanwhile, the letter will be consigned to the top of the pile, among the dozens of others that bide their time in the little brown basket. PIPSEY POTTS.

### "TO WHOM MUCH IS GIVEN."

**M**UST there be sorrow in the world to-day,  
And you and I so happy? Can you think  
This moment there are wretched souls that  
drink

The bitter cup, even while we drain the sweet?  
And weary feet that toil a thorny way,  
While we, unburdened, walk the golden street  
Of love's Jerusalem, and, bathed in light,  
Forget the groping pilgrims of the night?

My soul grows troubled with th' oppressive thought.  
Beloved, can we idly take our ease,  
And have no care nor tenderness for these?  
Surely, our blessedness should overflow,  
And make more glad our brother's fruitless lot,  
Tinging with light his dismal cloud of woe—  
Else wherefore to our trust hath love now given  
The kingdom, glory, power and grace of Heaven?

There are the riches which waste multiplies.  
Sowing broadcast, we reap an hundred fold—  
Hoarding our feast, it gathers taint and mold:  
More sweet love's sacrament of bread and wine,  
If mingled with the blood of sacrifice—  
More gloriously the sun of love will shine,  
If into darkened lives and desert ways  
We cast the warmth and splendor of its rays.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

"It is as bad to be with a grumbler as to be out on a rainy day. The one damps our clothing, the other our spirits. But a bright, sunny-faced man or woman cheers us like a ray of sunlight coming into a dark room."

"THERE are sometimes circumstances which may interrupt a successful and worthy career, but in such a case it is only necessary to begin over again, undiscouraged and with increased determination to succeed."

### PIXY-LED.

**I**N the deep green lanes of leafy Devonshire, and over its broad heaths and moors, there are (as we had occasion to show in a recent sketch) still pixies to be found by those who believe in them; as there are yet "the little folk"—"the good people"—in the remotest parts of Scotland, lepre-chauns in Ireland, and *les dames blanches* in France. And still, as in olden time, poor dazed mortals are pixy-led; fascinated, like the victims of the sirens of old, by the songs which to others are but as the sighing of the wind among the reeds, but which to them are divinest music, full of lovely promises and of fairest visions. To them that handful of withered leaves is a mass of shining gold; and Rubezahl, now a gnome of the mines and now a charcoal-burner of the mountains, is followed without question or suspicion when he poses for Apollo or offers himself as Alexander. The old, old times, when fairy Melusines were women by day, and snakes by night—when demon lovers abounded, and men and maidens lost their souls for eyes too bright to be true—are still repeated in the circumstances of to-day; and to one under the spell of the pixies, old age is youth, ugliness is beauty, and sordid meanness is magnanimity and goodness. The subtle enchantment of glamor is thrown over every part of life; and, like gardens seen in dreams, where the flowers of spring and the fruits of autumn grow side by side on the same branch, those touched with elfin fingers see things which never existed and as they never existed; enriching with the wealth of their own fancy natures left dowerless by genius, by beauty, by grace; exalting mediocrity into the high places of excellence—like the godhead once worshiped in a bull and revered in a hawk.

A man lies at the feet of a vitalized machine, a living doll—a talking marionette—whom he idealizes as the crowned grace of womanhood, just as Titania before him idealized the ass's head of her Gentle Joy. He sees nothing in its true light, but, pixy-led, hears only the sweet poem of his own love, knows only the magic beauty of his own creation. Where others gauge the vulgar selfishness of a commonplace schemer who has weighed her chances and her advantages in the scales together, and has decided on accepting him, and his title, and his banker's book as the best that she can do for herself, he declares to be unfathomable the sweet reticence of her modesty, the saintly devotion of her gentle heart, given to him so generously for love's sake only. Stolidity is dignity and stupidity repose; a fatuous smile is the expression of her inherent sweetness; levity is light-heartedness; frivolity good humor; the flirtations, which are patent to the world at large, and food for all the circle to discuss, are the natural liking of a pretty woman for an innocent admiration which is as naturally her due; the delicacy of health, which others know as a mere blind—used now as an excuse for self-indulgent indolence, now as the assigned reason for a retirement not always wisely employed—

is to him, pixy-led, an incessant spur to his pity, to his fear, to his devotion. Blinded as he is, even when she neglects her children for her pleasure—for the idle play that she calls her work—and for the coarser personal ambition which she calls a cause—he reverences her as a leader, of society or otherwise, doing her duty to herself and to others; a creature too full of intellectual power and genius to be confined to the four narrow walls of home; and he thinks that a hired nurse and a paid governess can do all for the little ones which is necessary, and at less expenditure of fine material. This is the lover and husband pixy-led; and who can open his eyes?

The mother who adores her handsome, plausible, scampish son; who accepts his boastings as if they were so many announcements in the *Gazette*; and to whom the significant fact that the splendor of his self-reported career never consolidates into public recognition or tangible fortune, conveys nothing but a sense of the injustice of fate and the crossness of circumstance—what is she but pixy-led, the magic herb that has blinded her being her maternal love? She believes in her scamp as other folks believe in the Gospel; credits all his wild romances about his past and his present, of which she had no more proof than the courtiers had of their king's magic wind-woven garments; and makes no doubt, raises no question as to the certain fortune that awaits him—put on paper as a sum; and figures you know cannot lie!—if only she will trust him with his sisters' portion and her own jointure. She places herself and her daughters unreservedly in his hands; and though others know that her fairy palace is only a hill-side mound of earth and rubbish—her golden tables, and delicious fruits nothing but "agaricus and fungi with mildew and mould"—and the noble music by which she is bewitched, the shrill screechings of a "scrannel pipe"—yet to her the cheat is true: and, pixy-blinded, pixy-led as she is, probably remains true to the end. For even when the inevitable crash comes, and all these rainbow hopes of glittering success pass away into the dark clouds of ruin and despair, even then she clings to her faith in her boy as a devotee clings to the image of her god; and is so certain that either all will come right in the end, or if that is impossible, then that it was not his fault. If this had happened, or that had not happened—things impossible to foresee and as impossible to control—the rainbow would never have faded away, and they would have built their palace under its arch. How was he to blame, if facts were too strong for him and fortune was not to be wooed or won? So she argues, influenced by the "good people" who delude her with their false shows and fair-spoken words; making use of one of the holiest feelings of human nature to bring about her sorrow, and using one of the sweetest attributes of womanhood to compass ruin.

If we are pixy-led by our affections, how much more by our passions and our fancies! What, after all, is that thirst for fame, which goes under the name of ambition, but a delusion created by the Pucks and the Rubezahls of the unseen fairy-world that is about

us? What is that craze for "success" but the same thing? A man gives all that makes life worth having for the name of having succeeded in his career. He toils through youth, maturity, and into old age, and then he plants his foot on that final rung of the ladder where he has coveted to stand: he buys that special property; holds that special office; is invested with that one long-desired dignity. And all for what? To totter through the few frail years still left to him, and from which hard work and harder living have taken all savor. Broken in health, how can he, barring certain notable exceptions, enjoy those good things which he gave that health and his manhood to attain? Hardened in heart by the friction and the fight, how can he know the happiness which springs from participation, from sympathy, wherein lies the only true happiness of man? His mind narrowed by long compression in one groove, can he, at his age, learn the delights of art, the glory of science, the solace of literature? He has been following the pixy who promised him success; and the imp has kept her word. But the curse which lies in fairy gold is repeated even in the fulfillment; and when the endowment is made, the power of profiting by it is gone. For all the purposes of wealth, that pyramid of gold might as well be only a mass of withered forest-leaves.

The woman who sacrifices the gallant fellow whom she loves for the man whom she does not love, because the one has as many thousands as that other has hundreds, is she not pixy-led?—to be landed before long in the worst Slough of Despond to be found in the whole tract of human life! And the man who gives up his sweet young love, with beauty, a true heart and a noble nature for her only dower, to marry instead, that hard-faced woman with her dazzling jointure and her evil heart—is he not also pixy-led to his own substantial ruin, if seeming success? Where love is the unswerving star set for guidance in the heavens, money and ambition are the torches waved by the flitting pixies over the morass—we know with what result to those who follow! So with honor in a ragged mantle instead of chicanery in cloth of gold; so with truth pelted in the pillory instead of falsehood set in high places; so with all the true and noble things of life, whatever their outside reception, instead of the apparent glitter of what men call success, and the soul knows to be death.

Pixy-led by superstitious fancies, now of things and now of persons, we are as often the slaves of seeming, as the believers in truths. All the crazy beliefs which have turned the steady-going world of intellect upside down, and substituted for realities the merest nightmares—when they are not day-dreams—are of the nature of things pixy-led. There are people who believe in the secret police, as a power defying the house-door key, and penetrating into private dwellings, from basement to garret. And there are people who believe in secret poisonings, and the presence in our midst of murderers in dress coats and white kid gloves—men who have done to death their wives, and sisters, and friends—it maybe even

their mothers—when they will gain so much by the quiet removal of these poor creatures, apparently loved and tended while in reality murdered—but men whom neither society suspects nor the law can touch. What is all this but pixy-led belief?—a mere phantasy founded on nothing, without proof, foundation or argument. None the less there are hundreds who believe implicitly in these two things—the universal overlooking of the secret police, and the prevalence of undetected poisoning among respectable families over whom the shadow of crime has apparently never passed.

It is the same kind of thing, inverted, when people give credence to certain statements, which if true will be their salvation, but which have neither proof nor warranty. They believe because they are told—never mind who the teller or how unlikely the tale; just as to say, "I read it in a book," "I saw it in the newspaper," is the clincher to them of all trustworthiness. You will make your fortune by such and such a scheme; a fortune to be had only for the lifting and at very little risk. So whisper the pixies, singing low and sweet to the ear of credulity, under the guise of a sharp-faced man who has been "something in the city" for all his life, though he never seems to have brought much out of it. What says the common-sense of experience on the other side? Would that fortune have been left for you to pick up if those who show it you could have gained it for themselves? Would the finder, the pioneer, the displayer thereof—he the ragged robin notoriously impecunious and out at elbows—be such a philanthropist as to give away what he needs so greatly, for the mere pleasure of doing a kind thing to a comparative stranger? Pixy sings with its sweet, seductive tenor for the one part, and common-sense puts in its controlling bass for the other; but the flattering imp too often wins the day, and reason retires shivering and sad, rebuked and rebuffed!

Pixy-led by our hopes and our fears, our passions and our affections, so are we by our tastes. The men who ruin themselves for horses and hounds, for pictures and *bric-à-brac*, for gardens and fancy fowls—they have poor relations—nieces who are making their own living, young, tender, delicate; sisters who are sitting desolate among the cold ashes of the ruined hearth: but the uncle and the brother wastes his clear thousands over toys, and thinks himself blessed when he has got hold of an unintelligible daub, god-fathered to a famous painter, or a bit of cracked porcelain sworn to by the dealer as unique.

Pixy-led by our senses we spend our strength like our substance in pleasure, and flood our brains with drink, that we may live in a fool's paradise half our time and a real hades for the next half. Pixy-led by our ignorance we accept the appearance of things for their substance, and knock our heads against the walls by which we are surrounded, determined not to learn their real properties. Thus we seek to exorcise the murderous diseases of men, moral as well as physical, by muttered charms and potent talismans, rather than by tracing the cause in its course—baring

the roots—and thus learning how best to extirpate them. But we content ourselves with sighing at the hard necessities of Fate; and, wrapping ourselves up in a false cloak of religion, we say that the Father of Men and the God of Love has laid on us these terrible scourges that we may learn patience under suffering; while shutting our eyes to the fact that with every poison is an antidote, and that every evil has its remedy. Pixy-led by our fears, we create the sorrows that we dread, and live in a world of misery fashioned by our self-tormenting hands. How many time-honored beliefs and cherished ideas are only fancies and superstitions without base or substance!—how many beloved things are utterly without value, and beautiful creatures mere pixy cheats, if only we could open our eyes and see! Oh, if ever the reign of truth, clear, bright, unmistakable truth, comes on this sad earth of ours, what a heap of dead bones which now seem to have life would fall together—what enchantment of the pixies would be at an end! The gold that now we cherish would be turned to rubbish to which we would not give harborage; and the things which we now believe to be rubbish would prove themselves of purest gold throughout. Among our most earnest prayers may be inserted that of deliverance from the charms and magic spells of the pixies—in other words, deliverance from vain imaginings and false beliefs; from baseless hope and causeless fear; the restless doubt of an unproved suspicion, and the blind faith which accepts because it wishes, and believes because it desires.—*Chambers' Journal*.

#### UNATTAINABLE.

THEY tell of treasures rich and rare,  
Within yon nimbus of the air,  
How bags of gold hang, full and low,  
At either tassel of the bow!  
How, in the old land, after rain,  
Some peasant found, upon the plain,  
A precious cup, from which to drink  
Joined life and Heaven in one sweet link!

And yet they say, "'Tis far away—  
Alas! alas! too far away!"  
But, ah! forgive me, that I dream  
Of all sweet things that distant seem;  
Of rose and amber sunsets fair;  
Of great dull mists illumined in air;  
Of radiant peaks, where buried lie  
Travelers' white bones, anear the sky!  
Of crested billows in a rift  
Of sunshine, as the storm-clouds lift;  
Think of yon bow-bridge o'er the deep,  
The eager feet, the awful leap!  
While I, too, say, "'Tis far away—  
Alas! alas! too far away!"

PAUL GASTNOR.

DID you ever do anything wrong without its sooner  
or later bringing you into fear, shame or sorrow?

## FAMILIAR BOTANY.

No. 2.

**B**EFORE going on to study natural families in order, perhaps it would be well to examine plants more in detail, and learn the names of the various parts.

Take a lily and a wild rose. You notice, of course, the most conspicuous parts first—the colored leaves, or flower leaves. They form the *corolla*, or crown of the flower. In the lily and the rose, the corolla can be divided into separate leaves. These are called *petals*. The lily has six, the rose, five.

Inside the corollas, you notice a number of thread-like organs, with little yellow forms upon their summits. These are the *stamens*, the thread-like parts being called the *filaments*, the yellow, the *anthers*. In the lily, there are six stamens, in the rose, an indefinite number.

Within the stamens, we find another thread-like organ, or set of organs, differing from the stamens in being connected at the base with the seed-vessel.

Each of these is called a *pistil*. It is divided into three parts, the *style* (thread), *stigma* (summit), and *germ*. In the lily, as you see, there is one pistil, in the rose, many.

If you further examine the lily and the rose, you will find that the latter stands in a little green cup, while the former does not. This little cup is called the *calyx*. In the rose, it cannot be divided without tearing—but in some flowers, it is composed of separate leaves, called *sepals*.

These are the principal terms used in describing flowers. We sometimes speak of the seed-vessel as the *pericarp*, or *capsule*; of the top of the flower-stem, on which the calyx or corolla rests, as the *receptacle*; of the flower-stems as *peduncles*; and of the leaf-stems, as *petioles*. Other terms will be explained as they are needed.

Suppose now we analyze a few flowers with which we are most familiar, so as to exercise ourselves upon the botanical terms defined.

The violet has an irregular *corolla* of five *petals*; a *spur*; five *stamens*, with broadened *filaments*, and cohering *anthers*; one *pistil*, with large *germ*, and *stigma*, and short *style*; a *calyx*, of five *sepals*.

The corolla of the petunia is *monopetalous*—that is, it is all in one piece, or petal. It also has five stamens and one pistil. Its calyx is *monosepalous*, or in one sepal. Its corolla and calyx are both deeply five-cleft. A flower of this shape, as the morning-glory, is said to be funnel-form.

The corolla of the phlox is also monopetalous, the calyx monosepalous. It is salver-form, or is composed of a long tube, with a flat, petal-like surface. It is five-cleft, as is the calyx. This flower has five stamens of unequal length, and its pistil has three stigmas. Among the flower-clusters, we find a number of little leaves, differing from the characteristic foliage—these are called *bracts*.

The nasturtion is a curious and interesting plant.

It has five petals, of two kinds, three of one, two of the other; an irregular, monosepalous calyx, with a long spur; eight stamens; one pistil, with three stigmas and three germs; and the *petioles* are placed almost in the middle of the leaves.

Now you will be able to derive great pleasure from noticing the various plants more minutely. You will begin to learn what are *endogenous* and *exogenous*; which have monopetalous corollas; which have no calices; in short, note the characteristics on which natural families are founded.

In the last we learned that Exogens were divided into three great groups. Now we are able to understand that in the first group we find plants with *polypetalous* corollas; in the second, *monopetalous*; in the third, *apetalous*, or corollas without petals. These constitute a sub-class of plants with closed seed-vessels. Another sub-class is quite small and consists of plants with open seed-vessels. This includes the evergreens. So we have three great groups of Exogens, with a small group appended, the firs and pines.

We will first take up the buttercup family, or, as it is called, the *Ranunculaceae*. Plants in this order generally have handsome flowers, with both calyx and corolla. They are chiefly distinguished by their *acrid juices*, some of them being rank poisons.

The buttercup (*Ranunculus acris*), with its bright yellow flowers and many gashed leaves, is, of course, familiar to all. The anemone (*Anemone nemorosa*) with its delicate pink and white flowers, and fine, scalloped leaves, is one of our early spring favorites. The virgin's bower (*Clematis virginica*), trailing from the trees, with its snowy blossoms, in the late summer, is one of the beautiful denizens of our woods. Here, too, we find many of our friends—the hepatica (*Hepatica triloba*), the columbine (*Aquilegia canadensis*), the larkspur (*Delphinium azureum*), and the marsh-marigold (*Caltha palustris*) as well as the poisonous aconite and hellebore.

Next time we will talk about magnolias and pond-lilies.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

**J**APANESE BREACHES OF PROMISE.—After a Japanese lover has proved false to his vows, the deserted maiden rises at about two o'clock in the morning, and dons a white robe and high sandals or clogs. Her coif is a metal tripod, into which are thrust three lighted candles; around her neck she hangs a mirror, which falls upon her bosom; in her left hand she carries a small straw figure—the effigy of her faithless lover—and in her right she grasps a hammer and nail, with which she nails it to one of the sacred trees that surround the shrine. Then she prays for the death of the traitor, vowing that if her petition be heard she will herself pull out the nails which offend the god by wounding the mystic tree. Night after night she comes to the shrine, and strikes in two more nails, believing that every nail will shorten her lover's life, for the god, to save his tree, will surely strike him dead. It is a curious illustration of the hold superstition yet has on the Japanese.



## Lay Sermons.

### LIGHT AT EVENING-TIME.

"SO dark! So very dark!" A quaver in the low, sad voice.

"Though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Mrs. Adrian lifted her eyes and looked at me almost drearily.

"If it were indeed the shadow of death in which I am now walking, I might take comfort. Ah, if I could but lay me down in peace, and sleep my last long sleep! If I could but go to my beloved!"

Her head drooped forward, and the long fringes of her silken lashes lay wet on her colorless cheeks.

"There are two valleys," I said, speaking in a quiet voice. "The valley of death, and the valley of the shadow of death. Through the first we can go but for a single time; into the last, as we journey through life, we must descend many times. But we need fear no evil. For the Lord says that He will be with us. And though our poor eyes be so blinded by tears that we cannot see the way, His rod will point in the right direction; and though our feet be too weak to carry us safely along the rough and slippery places of this valley of humiliation, His staff will support us; and we shall be comforted. For all this sweet assurance, we have His clearly-spoken word of promise."

The low, half-visible tremor of unrest that was running through all the sensitive nerves of body and soul, lost itself in the more tranquil state into which I saw that Mrs. Adrian was passing.

"And beyond the valley the light shines clear again," I said, "and the fields are green, and the waters cool and still."

From under the wet lashes, tears came stealing; but the pale face had a more peaceful expression.

"Ah, my faithful friend and counselor," she said, as she laid her hand in mine, "if I only had your clear eyes and your trusting heart! If my vision were only strong enough to penetrate these clouds and shadows and see the light beyond!"

"You know that it is there; know it as well as you know that the sun is shining clear in the upper air, for all the obscuring clouds which may hide him from your sight. There is no evening which has not its promise of a morning; no night that has not its precursor of a new day. In our spiritual, as in our natural life, it takes an evening and a morning to make a full rounded day. Be patient, my sister—patient and submissive, and faithful in all that your hands find to do, and the Comforter will surely come."

"So dark! So very dark!" It was the same sad refrain at our next meeting. And it was dark. Widowed and childless; the stay of her life gone, and nothing between her and want but the two small, weak hands, that lay almost as white as snow among the folds of her mourning garments! Ah, yes, it was dark, very dark; and as I sat with Mrs. Adrian, trying to speak words of comfort and hope, the shadows that were about her touched my own spirit with their chill and their gloom, and the sentences which I uttered seemed to fall empty and powerless from my lips.

How was I to help my mourner, who would not be

comforted?—who, in the anguish of her bereavement, even at times charged cruelty upon God?"

"What have I done to be so chastened?" she cried out, in the bitterness of her pain.

I answered her only in brief sentences, and not with argument or persuasion. I tried to comfort her by bringing her nearer to the Comforter. And as I gave utterance to a few passages from Scripture, in which the love and tender compassion of the Lord were described, I could see the lines of her face soften.

So it continued for many weeks, during which time I visited her often; for her sorrowful case lay heavy upon my heart. Sometimes a little light would come into her mind; and sometimes she would be more submissive. But for a greater part of the time she sat under cloud and shadow, and kept her rebellious spirit.

One day I found her in a new state of mind. The dull, leaden sky which had hung over her so long was broken into moving masses of clouds, and there was stir and disquiet in the air. The settled gloom of her face was gone; and in its stead I saw trouble and anxiety. Three months had passed since her sorrowful widowhood began; and now the friends who had pitied her sad case, and cared for her in her grief and helplessness, were growing weary of ministrations. It was time, they said, that she were beginning to help herself; and they said it not only among themselves, but, as kindly and considerately as in them lay, to her also.

It was this that had caused a sudden wind to sweep across the dead, dark calm of her sky, and to break it into masses of clouds, through the rents of which light came from the clear heavens above, though the shining azure was not yet visible.

Mrs. Adrian made no complaint against the friends who were beginning to fall away from her; but I could see that their changed attitude was wounding her deeply, while it was quickening a feeling of womanly self-reliance. For the first time since her last and complete bereavement, she did not speak of her loss, her loneliness and her desolation of spirit, but of her anxiety to find some useful service or employment by which she could secure for herself an independent maintenance. Mrs. Adrian had been well educated. She was a woman of refined tastes, and more than ordinary intelligence. In her marriage I had never thought her evenly mated; and in the contrasts which were often made between her and her husband, I had a painful impression that, in the years to come, if both lived, the idol which stood upon the altar of her heart would be shattered in pieces, and lie in broken fragments among its dead, cold ashes. Her husband's father was not a man of irreproachable character; nor were his brothers men of high esteem in the community. The best of them all, so far as could be judged, was the husband of Mrs. Adrian. He was a lawyer of considerable ability, and had gained some prominence at the bar, when he was suddenly stricken down by a fatal disease, six years after their marriage. There had been two children, one dying in the first few months of its sweet babyhood, and the other when three years old. The mother's heart was almost broken by the loss of her children, toward whom her love had gone with an ineffable tenderness. The anguish of this bereavement went very, very deep, and she could not be reconciled to her loss.

"If my babies were only back into my arms!" How many times had this cry fallen upon my ears as I tried to comfort her.

"Safe in Heaven, and with angels to love them and care for them," I had replied so often, that my words seemed to lose all power, and to become as dead echoes. But now I could see that Mrs. Adrian was coming into a new state of feeling; that, as she looked forward into life, and saw the struggle that was before her, and the privations, self-denials, and even humiliations through which she must pass, a sense of relief, almost rising into thankfulness, began to grow in her heart. And when at last I heard her say, in sad resignation, and saw the latent strength of her character beginning to assert itself, "My Father knows best," I knew that the sap of her young life which had been running with such a free and bounding current into spreading leaf and vigorous branch, was turning its checked and impeded forces in a new direction, and gathering its richer elements for a generous fruitage.

The question of what to do did not find a ready answer. In the early training and education of Mrs. Adrian, no thought of future self-dependence had come in to direct and modify the range of study and acquirement. And now, as she looked in upon herself, and took the measure of her fitness to enter upon any skilled employment or profession, she was utterly cast down for a time with a depressing sense of incompetency.

"If she can bring herself down to it," said a lady, in whose mind I was trying to awaken an interest for Mrs. Adrian, "I can find her a good home."

"Down to what?" I inquired.

"Down to the work of taking charge of two babies, whose invalid mother will not leave them in the hands of common servants, though her life is slowly wasting in her efforts to care for them."

"Do you think it would be a coming down for Mrs. Adrian?" I asked.

"Oh, well, as to that, it will depend altogether on how she regards the matter herself. It is her affair, you know."

"Does a mother 'come down' when she gives herself to the work of ministering to her babies, or go up nearer to the angels who are ever with them?"

"A mother is one thing, and a hired nurse another," she replied, in a tone of voice that hurt me. "But this is neither here nor there," she added, with a smile that had no warmth in it; "if Mrs. Adrian would like to have the place, I can get it for her."

"Who is the lady? A member of our church?"

"No. She's a friend of mine. Isn't a member of any church; but, as far as I can see, is a better Christian than a good many who are, myself included. Her husband is wealthy, and they live elegantly. If, as I said, Mrs. Adrian is willing to come down and take the position of child's nurse, she can have a good home. A word from me will secure her the place."

I saw Mrs. Adrian at once. In opening the matter to her, I said: "There is an invalid mother, the wife of a wealthy citizen, who has two dear babies, one three months and the other scarcely two years old. She will not trust them wholly to any of the common class of hired nurses, but cares for them herself. In doing this, she is exhausting her strength. Her friends are in much concern about her, and fear that she is wasting her very life."

She listened, I could see, with a growing interest, her eyes resting steadily in mine.

"How our hearts warm toward such a mother," I added, after a brief pause.

"Dear babies!" There was a tender undertone in the voice of Mrs. Adrian.

"What if you were to take the mother's place?" I said, as one who spoke but half in earnest.

"Me!" There came a startled look in Mrs. Adrian's face, and swift changes.

I waited until she had time to gather up her scattered thoughts.

"Who is this invalid mother?"

Her face, which for a little while had been much disturbed, was calm again—almost strangely calm—and her eyes, as she looked at me steadily, were clearer, and showed a gathering strength.

"You have met Mrs. Gordon," I remarked, quietly.

"Mrs. Hartley Gordon?" Her manner was that of one half-surprised and in suspense.

"Yes, Mrs. Hartley Gordon. You have met her, I think."

"A few times." There was a choking huskiness in the voice of Mrs. Adrian. She became very still—motionless almost as a statue—her eyes cast down and fixed. I waited for a little while before speaking.

"She is mentioned as a kind and pleasant lady," I remarked, breaking the silence. Mrs. Adrian's only response was a deeply-drawn sigh.

"You mean to suggest," lifting her head slowly, and looking at me with a new expression in her eyes, "that there is an opening for me as nurse to Mrs. Gordon's children?"

I felt the undertone of hurt pride that was in her voice.

"You love babies," I answered. "And, if I mistake not, your arms are weary with emptiness, and your bosom aching for the pressure of soft cheeks and the touch of golden curls."

The light of an irrepressible tenderness came into her eyes, and the glow of awakening mother-love warmed and softened her face.

"In Heaven, we are told by one who claims to have had the eyes of his spirit opened so that he could see into the inner or spiritual world while he yet lived in the outer or material world, that when infants pass from this life they are taken into Heaven, and placed in the care of angels of the female sex who, when in the life of the body, loved little children tenderly, and at the same time loved God. And because these angels during their life in the world loved all infants from an inherent maternal tenderness, they receive these babies new-born into Heaven from our world as their own, and love and care for them with a deep affection."

As I spoke, the widely opening eyes of Mrs. Adrian grew full of light, and she leaned toward me with an almost trembling eagerness.

"My babies! my babies! Oh, my precious babies!" broke from her lips with a pathos of utterance that thrilled me. A rain of sudden tears fell over her face.

"Cared for in Heaven with a tenderness greater than any possible earthly love," I replied.

Mrs. Adrian shut her eyes and laid her head back in her chair.

"Not as a mere nurse to Mrs. Gordon's children," I continued, "but as their angel-mother, loving and caring for them as the angels love and care for your dear children in Heaven. Is the work of angels mean and servile? Rather, is it not the highest and the noblest work?"

It did not take Mrs. Adrian long to decide what she would do. A call upon Mrs. Gordon, and half an hour with her and her two babies, ended in her acceptance of a pleasant home, and the entrance upon duties in which, day by day and month by month,

she lost herself more and more. All the mother-love which had been so long repressed, or lost in desert sands, had free course again, and found its way as a sweet and happy stream into the free air and pleasant sunshine. Love is life; and as the love is, so will the life be. A pure, and true, and unselfish love will make for itself a life of many delights, even though outward circumstances seem hard and unfavorable.

After her entrance into the household of Mrs. Gordon, I did not see Mrs. Adrian as frequently as before. Her duties were of a nature to keep her much at home. Weeks would sometimes pass without her appearance in church. But every time she came, and I had an opportunity to look into her face, I noticed with pleasure its evidences of growing peace and inner strength. All the lines of grief, and sadness, and discontent which had gathered about her mouth, were smoothing themselves away, and I could perceive there only the faintest indication that they had ever been.

As leaves fall from a wind-shaken tree in later autumn, so fell away from Mrs. Adrian the summer-friends whom she had known when the year of her life was in its strength and affluence. But she was too much absorbed in her new duties, and too full of the many satisfactions which came to her as she entered more and more lovingly into them, to be troubled at their loss.

Over a year had passed since Mrs. Adrian accepted the home and the duties which were offered by Mrs. Gordon. I had seen her only a few times during this period, and the occasions were such as to give but little opportunity for conversation.

"A lady has called—Mrs. Adrian."

I laid down my pen at this announcement, and went into the parlor to meet my visitor. How much she had changed. Well did I remember the dreary eyes, and the quaver in the low, sad voice, and the half-despairing, "So dark! So very dark!" of only a year before. Could this be the heart-sick, heart-fainting, childless widow I had then so vainly tried to comfort? Her grave, steady eyes, looked calmly into mine as I took her hand and pronounced her name in the cordial welcoming voice that expressed the pleasure which I felt at seeing her once more.

"And now, my dear friend, what of your new life, and what is it doing for you?" This was my inquiry after our first words of greeting had been said. I half-expected to see the shadows fall over her face; but it was not so. Instead, a soft smile touched her lips, and lay there with its intimations of peace in the quiet heart that was beating evenly below.

"I can hardly tell. It may be doing more than I know. It is a busy and an absorbed life," she answered, in a voice that expressed nothing of dissatisfaction or complaint.

"In the busy life we oftenest find the happy life," I returned, "and happiness increases the nearer a blessing for those who are about us lies to our willing hands. Indeed, if the full truth be said, there is and can be no real happiness in any life that does not give the best that is in it to the service of others. It is the giver of good who receives good. This is the law of heavenly life, and all efforts to change it are useless."

Mrs. Adrian listened, resting, I could see, upon what I was saying. I continued, as she did not seem ready to respond: "In the degree that we love our work, because there is a blessing in it for others, do we come nearer to Heaven and the Lord; and the nearer we get to what is heavenly and divine, the

sweeter, and calmer, and happier our lives must be. Whether the good we do is recognized and acknowledged or not, we need not lose our high reward. That is from above, and if we open our hearts to receive it, it will surely come."

The smile which, like a few pencils of light, had been resting on the lips of Mrs. Adrian, grew warmer, and spread itself over her face.

"My heavenly Father has been doing better for me than all my fears." There was a tone of restfulness and satisfaction in her even voice. "The shadows were very dark; the cup very bitter. But the darkness is passing away, and there is so much of sweetness in the cup that its bitterness is almost gone."

Mrs. Adrian had called to tell me that she was going to leave the city in a few days. Mrs. Gordon's health had failed so rapidly during the past few months, that her physician had ordered a residence in Florida, and all arrangements had been made for a hurried removal of the family to that milder region. How long they would remain there must depend entirely upon the state of Mrs. Gordon's health. It might be for a few months only; it might be for years. Mr. Gordon had so arranged his business matters that he could be absent from the city for a greater part of the time.

"I could not go without seeing you," Mrs. Adrian said, "and telling you how thankful I have always been for the help you gave me when I was almost in despair of help. I was as one sitting in a deep and dark valley, when you took my hand and led me to where I could see light above the clouds that were hanging over me, and the mountain-tops on which it was resting. Ah, sir! the light and warmth of loving service for others is something very different from the cold, dark isolation of an idle and selfish sorrow which cannot, because it will not, be comforted."

"What of your position in Mrs. Gordon's family?" I asked. "Not such, I trust, as to subject you to any humiliations?"

"If I were to let self and its weak and foolish pride come in, there would be plenty of humiliations to fret and chafe me. I am the nurse and care-taker of Mrs. Gordon's children. Simply this, and nothing more. I fill my office from love as well as duty; and it is love that makes sweet a cup which might else be bitter and distasteful. I never seek to get above my position in the family. I assert nothing, and presume on nothing, but hold myself steadily to the work I engaged to do. Mrs. Gordon is human, and I might, many times, have taken offense if I had permitted wounded pride to have influence over me. But I know the better side of her character, and honor her for her high womanly virtues. The lack of all familiarity or intrusion, on my part, has had the effect to draw her toward me; and as she has come to understand me better, and to comprehend something of the spirit from which I am endeavoring to act, she has been to me more as a woman to a woman, and not as a superior to an inferior in station. In the last few months, signs of failing health have increased, and she has been much depressed in consequence. This has brought us nearer together; and I am beginning to stand to her almost as an elder sister, upon whom she can lean in her weakness."

"Something more, it seems, than simply the nurse and care-taker of Mrs. Gordon's children," I remarked.

"Yes; it may be something more. It is something more. I had scarcely thought, until now, of the widening out of my life into this new service, which grows daily more and more a service of love."



"Filled with steadily increasing delight."

"I will not say delight," Mrs. Adrian answered.

"That is too strong a word."

"With tranquillity and satisfaction."

"Yes, and a peace that goes very deep; so deep, that the unrest, and fret, and fever of the world lying on the outside and round about me, are rarely felt."

"The peace of God which passeth understanding; may it be yours, my sister!" I lifted my hand with an involuntary movement, as if in benediction. "Not as the world giveth does He give. The world gives tribulation, but He gives peace."

I did not see Mrs. Adrian again for many years. A devout and pious lady in my congregation said to me, a few days after she left for the South: "I was surprised, and considerably pained, at what I saw the other day."

"What did you see?" I asked.

"A friend was about sailing for Savannah, and I went to the steamer to see her off. You may judge of my surprise, when I tell you that in the cabin I saw Mrs. Adrian, once a member of our church, and a lady of education and refinement, as I know from personal intercourse, in charge of two children in the capacity of a nurse. It really shocked me! Such a dreadful come-down! Poor thing! I pitied her in my very heart!"

"Did you speak to her?" I asked.

She looked at me in surprise.

"A word of recognition might have been very grateful," I said.

"You forget. She was in the capacity of a nurse, or servant, in the family of an invalid lady going South for her health."

"Even a servant may be spoken to without loss of social caste," I could not help remarking, in a tone of unconcealed disapprobation. "Mrs. Adrian is no less a lady of intelligence and refinement because of her humbler external condition."

"All very well," was replied, with an air of dignity; "but ladies are not expected to make familiar friends of other ladies' servants."

"There is a great difference," I returned, "between a kind and pleasant recognition, and the familiarity that social equality gives."

"Yes, yes; I know. But you are never sure of these people. If you give them any countenance, they will intrude upon and among you."

"You would have found Mrs. Adrian an exception."

"That might have been; but I did not care to run the risk of any mortifying demonstrations of intimacy from the servant of a lady in Mrs. Gordon's position. So, while I pitied poor Mrs. Adrian in my heart, I was compelled to ignore her entirely. Ah me!"

And the lady sighed; for she did pity Mrs. Adrian. It was such a dreadful come-down in her eyes, looking at the case, as she did, from her own standpoint; and it was scarcely possible for her to look at it from any other. Pious and devout as she was in her external and ceremonial observances, and as good a Pharisee as the common run of church members who give a part of Sunday, and maybe an evening in the week, to the things of religion, and the rest of the time to the worship of the god of this world under the guise of mammon, social pride, fashion or some one of his protean forms, it was not possible for her to lift the woman and the Christian above her humble station, or to see, as the angels saw, the jewel of price which lay in what to her seemed only an unsightly casket.

A few months after Mrs. Adrian left the city, the whole community was startled by the announcement

that the father of her late husband had become involved in fraudulent transactions of a most extensive character. Investigation developed a degree of criminality that set him over in the public regard among thieves and robbers, and gave him into the hands of justice for trial and punishment; and not himself only, but his two sons, whom he had drawn in and made parties to his enormous frauds. Retribution came swift and severe. In less than two months, the miserable father and his two sons passed, branded as felons, from court house to prison; and three families were swept from their proud social position into poverty, shame and disgrace.

My first thought, when all this became known, was of Mrs. Adrian, and I inwardly thanked God that she was widowed and childless. Had her husband been living, the probabilities were strong that he would have been so involved with his father and brothers as to have been condemned to suffer with them the felon's punishment and disgrace. "Better a widow, with her little ones in Heaven," I said, "than the wife of a condemned criminal, and the mother of children who must bear through all their lives a dishonored name!"

As I have said, I did not see Mrs. Adrian again for many years. Not long after her arrival at her home in the South, I received a brief but pleasant letter, which I answered. She did not write to me again, and as I did not know any representatives of either Mr. or Mrs. Gordon's family from whom I could gain information, all knowledge in regard to her was lost.

The years came and went, with their changes of place, and state, and circumstances. I had been called to another field of labor. New interests, and new cares and duties, pushed old interests back into the world of memory and out of present sight. I was looking over old letters one day, when I came across the one which I had received from Mrs. Adrian. The date half startled me. Could nearly twenty years have passed since it was written! Almost like the rapidly changing passages in a dream were the intervening events, as my thoughts ran over them.

And what of Mrs. Adrian now? Where was she? How had it fared with her? What had been the outcome of her new life? It was over ten years since I had been in the city where my work lay when it touched and influenced her. She might be back there again, or in some distant home, or with her loved and lost in the upper spheres.

Even while my thought of her was fresh with the interest this old letter had awakened, I received a notice to attend a convention to which I had been appointed a delegate. The meeting was to be in the city where I had resided when Mrs. Adrian was a member of my church. On the Sunday after my arrival, I stood again in the pulpit from which I had preached for many years, and looked down upon the congregation, and into old and well-remembered faces, changed, but how familiar still. Changed! Ah, what of these changes? All the same, and yet not the same. For ten years had the inner and real life—the life each one had lived—been moulding the countenance and revealing itself in lineament and expression. Some of the faces into which I gazed had grown softer, sweeter and more beautiful, and the eyes that looked up to me were fuller of light than before; and some were colder, and harder, and more impassive. Out of some the old trouble and discontent had gone; while in others I saw dreariness, or disappointment, or evidences of suffering.

One face arrested my attention almost from the first. It was that of a lady past middle life, whose



calm, deep eyes were fixed upon me intently, and with the eagerness of a glad recognition. Her gray hair was lifted a little way back from her smooth, white temples, and lay softly above them. Her countenance had in it an expression of peace; as of one who, after long and sore conflict, had won a lasting victory. You saw in it the signs of this conflict; the scars it had left—no longer disfiguring scars, for they were hiding themselves away and under the verdure and blossoming of the new spring-time which had evidently come into her life. Two beautiful young ladies sat with her in the pew, and I felt, as I looked at them, and saw how almost lovingly they seemed to draw together, as the service, into which they entered with a devoutness that betrayed nothing of mere simulation, went on, that they could be none else than a mother and her loving daughters.

Who was she? The face I knew; but it was in vain that I attempted to fix her personality. As I came down into the chancel, after the services were over, I noticed that she lingered in her pew, and waited, with many others, as the congregation moved slowly out, evidently with the purpose of speaking to me.

One and another of my old friends and parishioners came forward and gave me a cordial greeting. But the lady to whom I have referred held back, waiting until I was free from the throng which had gathered about me. At last she stepped from her pew, and, with the two young ladies, came forward. The quietness of her manner, as she waited for her opportunity, left her now, and she became eager almost to excitement. Her hand trembled in mine.

"You do not know me," she said, as I stood looking into her face, not able to pronounce her name. How strangely familiar the fine rich voice! I groped in my memory, but could not reach the sought-for personality.

"Mrs. Adrian."

"Can it be possible?"

"And these are the dear children God gave into my care over twenty years ago!" presenting, as she spoke, the two young ladies.

It was very hard for me to keep the mastery of my feelings as I took the hands of these beautiful girls, and gazed into their pure, sweet faces.

"It might have been very different," said Mrs. Adrian, "if you had not led me into the way I was not, of myself, wise enough or brave enough to enter. Hundreds of times have I thanked God that He gave me so true and faithful a friend."

It was no place or occasion for anything more than a brief reference to the past.

"You will go home with me," she said, as she closed the last sentence.

Two or three invitations were pressed upon me, but I accepted that of Mrs. Adrian. A walk of ten minutes brought us to a handsome house a little out of the fashionable part of the city.

"Our home," Mrs. Adrian remarked, as we entered. The young ladies, after remaining for a few minutes in the elegantly-furnished parlor, withdrew and left us alone.

"And now, what of all this?" I asked. "I have not heard a word about you for almost twenty years."

"The story is told in a few words," she answered.

I took the entire care, as you know, of Mrs. Gordon's children, and, in consequence, lost position and dropped out of society. I was a mere child's nurse, and nothing more. As best I could, I endeavored to accept the situation; turning, when heart and strength

failed, to Him who sustains the weak and comforts the sorrowing, if they will but seek His face. The service, which seemed hard in the beginning, soon became a delight. I could be, and was, so much more to the dear little ones committed to my charge, than mother or nurse had ever been, that, as a flower turns to the sun, so did they turn to me, and bless my tender care with a love that was full of the sweetest fragrance. The state of Mrs. Gordon's health was so precarious, that a residence at the far South was determined upon, in the hope that a more genial atmosphere would arrest its rapid decline. The change had this effect for awhile; but her disease was too deeply seated to leave any chance for a cure. At her death, which took place three years after our removal South, we returned to this city, but remained for only a few months. Mr. Gordon was a man who possessed some strong peculiarities of character. He was generous, and had a high sense of honor and justice, but was reserved in manner, and did not show much affection for his children, who were a little shy of him.

"To me he was always respectful, but maintained a distant attitude, as though he wished to avoid any appearance of familiarity. After the death of Mrs. Gordon, his manner toward me was even more formal and distant, but marked by a courtesy that had in it something of deference. 'I leave the children entirely in your care,' he said, 'for I have learned to trust you.' He did not consult me about them, nor suggest anything in regard to their future management or training. Did not even ask me if I would continue to be their nurse and care-taker. There came into my heart an instinct of rebellion against all this. Was I a mere chattel in his house! But I held it back and put it down. No mother had a deeper love for her own offspring than I had for these children of my heart's adoption. What more could I ask than to have them given over completely to my care?"

"We came North, as I have said, and after spending a few months in this city—during which time Mr. Gordon was engaged in settling up his business—I was sent into the country with the children, he going abroad, where he remained for nearly ten years, at the end of which time he died. During all of that long period, he did not once return to visit his children. His letters to them were infrequent, and marked by no tender expressions or manifestations of fatherly interest. To me he never wrote. Our parting was a singular one. I think he was deeply affected; but he covered his feelings under a cold and formal exterior. 'Mrs. Adrian,' he said, 'I leave these two girls wholly in your care. I know that you love them; and love can always do more and better than duty. For the next five years, or still longer, if you think it desirable, you will remain in the country home I have provided. I want the children to lay in a good stock of health before it is time for them to go to school. After that, I will consult you in regard to their education and future residence. My agent here will see that you and they are provided with everything that is needed. My instructions to him are explicit. For your own special use, he will hand you, once in every three months, the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars.'

"Not a word in regard to my personal freedom in the matter, but a simple declaration of his will and wishes. After remaining in our country home for nearly six years, this house was bought and furnished by Mr. Gordon's agent, and we removed to the city, where we have lived ever since. A few years afterwards, Mr. Gordon died. He left a large fortune to

his two daughters; and to me, during my life-time, an annual income of fifteen hundred dollars."

The announcement of dinner here interrupted Mrs. Adrian's narrative. At the table I had full opportunity for observing the two young ladies carefully. They were beautiful, and, as they joined in the conversation, I was struck by their intelligence, and the interest they manifested in books, art and music. But what impressed me most, was their attitude toward Mrs. Adrian. United with the freedom and familiarity of loving children, was an air of respect and deference as to one who, for all their development and culture, still held the place of acknowledged personal superiority. I never saw the relation between a mother and her daughters more beautifully harmonized.

I did not see Mrs. Adrian again for two years. Then I received a letter from her, saying that one of the Misses Gordon was to be married, and that they desired me to come and perform the marriage service.

A lovelier bride I had never seen; nor a tenderer parting between a mother and her child when the ceremony was over. It was a touching sight when the beautiful girl laid her tearful but happy face on the breast which had ever been so loving and true, and looking up at Mrs. Adrian's, said a sweet "Good-bye," while kisses fell almost like rain upon her lips and cheeks.

Mrs. Adrian had grown older in these two years. Something more than time had been at work, whitening her hair, making deeper sockets for her eyes, and robbing her face of its rounded fullness.

I noticed this change more particularly as I sat alone with Mrs. Adrian on the day after the wedding, and asked, with a feeling of concern, about her health.

"I am conscious that it is failing," she replied, but without any depression in her quiet voice. "I have devoted myself too completely to my work, not thinking of the possible overstrain; and now, in these years of rest and satisfaction, nature is giving signs of failure and exhaustion; and many things tell me that the springs of life are becoming feebler day by day; that the shadows which presage the coming night are slowly but steadily gathering about me."

I almost wondered, as I looked into her large and still beautiful eyes, at the strength and peace which I saw in them.

"I have an impression," she added, speaking more gravely, "that the night is not very far away, for I can feel the evening shadows growing steadily cooler and deeper."

I could not answer her for a little while.

"It may be only an impression," I remarked, after a brief silence.

"It is something more, I am sure. But," after a pause, "it is not troubling me; and we will not speak of it any more."

"You know," she said, during this interview, "into what sorrow and disgrace Mr. Adrian and his sons have fallen. Ah, my good friend! how many times have I thanked God for the dispensation that removed my husband, over whom his father had great influence, out of the region of temptation, and bore my children to a land where no disgrace, or sorrow, or suffering can ever reach them. And for what the Lord took away, how abundantly has He given me—Beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. In this evening-time there is light, instead of the Egyptian darkness that might have been."

It was not all an impression. The fading and the failing went on, but very slowly, for the care she had

given so freely was now returned to her in largest measure. Loving hands were swift in ministries.

A year later, and I was called upon to solemnize another marriage, and Mrs. Adrian to resign the remaining sister into another's hands.

Saintlier had grown the face into which I looked once more. Through the pale, transparent skin light seemed to break, and linger about the features which had been cut by patient hope and loving duty into lines of heavenly beauty. Beneath the lessening veil of flesh, you caught a glimpse of the revealing angel.

I saw Mrs. Adrian only once more. A letter, written in a failing hand, asked if she might not see me again ere the silver chord was loosed and the pitcher broken at the fountain. It needed but a single glance at her pure white face, as it lay among the pillows, to tell me that for her the words of the old prophet had been fulfilled—"At evening-time it shall be light."

What tender care and loving ministries were hers! She had given herself for others; had set her face dutywards; had laid down pride, and selfish ease, and all that poor, weak human nature holds dear, and, obeying the voice which called to her out of the clouds and darkness which had fallen upon her life, moved forward, walking as the voice gave direction, even though her steps were often in blind obedience.

"Ah, my friend and counselor," she said, as I sat with her thin white hand in mine, "how good and precious are His gifts, if we will but open our hearts to receive them. All that I have given in my feeble way to others, He has returned with fourfold of blessing. How different all might have been! Could idle hands, and the selfish isolation of a sorrow which would not take comfort, have wrought for me what a self-denying obedience has wrought? Would there have been light for me when the evening came? Would I have seen the morning, as I see it now, breaking along the east, as the darkness grows deeper in the west? No, my friend!"

I saw, while she was speaking, a heaviness begin to weigh down her eyelids. As she uttered the last sentence, they fell slowly, until the eyes were hidden. What a peaceful face was that upon which I was gazing! It was the perfect image of rest and tranquility. We knew, in the deep hush that followed, as we bent above her, that the angels of the resurrection were gathering close around her, and that their peace was pervading her soul. I broke the solemn silence of the chamber, saying in the words of the Revelation, "And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

And so she left us, the light in which she dwelt going with her, and leaving us in the chill and shadow of a sorrowful bereavement, but with precious memories of a life spent in doing good. Does any other life leave such precious memories behind? I think not.

RICHMOND.

If you neglect your love to your neighbor, in vain you profess your love to God; for by your love to God your love to your neighbor is acquired; and by your love to your neighbor your love to God is nourished.

PRAY often, because you sin always; repent quickly, lest you die suddenly; he that repents because he wants power to act, repents not of sin till he forsakes it; and he that wants power to commit his sin, does not forsake sin, but sin forsakes him.

## The Home Circle.

### AMATEUR HOUSEKEEPING.

UNDER this title, RUTH CHESTERFIELD tells the following pleasant little story in a recent number of the *Youth's Companion*. Lettice Bradford is the representative of a class of charming, but rather more ornamental than useful, American girls, and the lesson she received might, if it could be repeated, do some of them as much good as it did her. The story will interest most of the readers of the "Home Circle," and a few of them may find in it something more than a bit of pleasant reading:

Lettice Bradford was like many other girls of seventeen whom you have seen. She was not a genius, but she was bright and quick-witted; was not a profound scholar, but always stood well in her class. She had no beauty, according to the rules of art, but her fine healthy color and her animation made her pass for "a very pretty girl."

Like other girls of her age, she "banged" her hair, and tied back her dresses. She painted her mother's ginger-jar and her grandmother's mustard-pot, and chattered of Palissy and ceramics. She made numberless charming articles in worsted, and could sketch a barn so you would know what it was intended for. She could also skate and row a boat.

As to sewing, she very properly considered it a remnant of the fall, and denounced Mother Eve in no measured terms for her part in the matter. Yet she made most of her own dresses after the latest *Bazar* patterns, because the family finances would not allow of hiring them made up so elaborately. On occasions, she could sweep and dust, and on the whole, rather enjoyed trundling the carpet-sweeper about the house, and re-arranging the furniture and ornaments; but there was one branch of domestic economy which her soul loathed, and that was *cooking*.

To the kitchen she utterly refused to go unless urged by dire necessity. She had been known to make custards and sponge-cake, and once constructed a loaf of bread under her mother's supervision; but it caused Mrs. Bradford so much more trouble than it would to have done it herself, that she never repeated the experiment.

In this Mr. Bradford thought her remiss in her duty to her daughter. He talked about "woman's sphere" a good deal; said he would rather Lettice should know how to make a good loaf of bread than to read Greek, and that a general knowledge of housekeeping was worth "all these flummiddles;" by which, with a wave of his hand, he seemed to include the painted ginger-jar and mustard-pot, and the "fan-train." But Lettice only laughed, and said, "Oh, it's time enough to learn cooking and house-keeping when I can't help it."

The Bradfords were quiet country people, who rarely went away from home, save when Mr. Bradford attended county court, for he was a lawyer, or when his wife once or twice a year visited her parents in a neighboring town. But all their married life they had been talking of an excursion to the White Mountains. And at last the time came when, like Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin, of happy memory, they determined to take their long-delayed holiday.

Bob, the son and heir, a youth of fourteen, was at home on his vacation, and quite ready to take the place of man of the house; in the kitchen there was Patty, the little girl the Bradfords had taken from

an orphan asylum, who could wash dishes, run of errands, and tend the door; and for a companion Lettice had invited Phoebe Adams, a young lady of her own age, and of similar tastes and habits.

Then Mrs. Bradford had filled the cupboard with provisions, so that Lettice not only undertook a week's housekeeping with good courage, but declared that she thought it "a lark."

For a few days the two girls found it very delightful to sit up half the night, and lie abed half the day, to eat their meals when they chose, instead of being tied to some particular hour, and in other ways to depart from the traditions of the elders.

Bob, to be sure, sometimes rebelled against this mode of life, but they conciliated him by allowing him to go to the cupboard and eat as much pie and cake as he chose. Under this *regime*, however, Lettice found that the cupboard was getting bare much faster than she had reckoned upon, and she almost feared her supply would give out before the return of the tourists. It was while she was standing with her hand on the knob of the half-opened door, mournfully contemplating the empty shelves, that Bob appeared suddenly beside her, and with provoking calmness, informed her that "Uncle Jasper had come."

"O Bob, you don't mean it!" exclaimed she.

"I do, though, and I guess he's come to stay, too; he's got the biggest kind of a valise." And it seemed to Lettice that Bob's eyes gleamed with malicious triumph as he said this.

"What shall I do? There isn't bread enough in the house for his supper, and as for breakfast and dinner—Oh, dear me!"

"I can go down to the store and buy you some cod-fish and crackers," said Bob.

"You provoking boy, do stop your teasing. If it hadn't been for your enormous appetite, there would have been enough left in the house to keep uncle from starving, at least," said Lettice.

"My appetite, indeed!" said Bob. "Why, I haven't had a good square meal since mother went away. I'm glad uncle has come, for my part, for you'll have to feed us now;" and away went Bob to communicate his tidings to Phoebe.

"Was there ever such a perverse fate?" said Lettice, who had followed close on his heels.

"What kind of a man is your uncle?" asked Phoebe. "It all depends on that. If he's free-and-easy and jolly, like my Uncle Eben, I shouldn't mind it at all."

"But he isn't; he's awfully reserved and dignified, and aunt is one of those preternaturally good house-keepers who make everybody uncomfortable lest they should commit some high crime or misdemeanor without knowing it. But here I am keeping him waiting in the parlor all the time; we may as well carry a bold front, so come and be introduced."

Uncle Jasper was a tall gentleman in immaculate broadcloth and gold spectacles. His hair was touched with gray, and his hands and teeth were very white. He kissed Lettice, and bowed courteously to Phoebe, regretted the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Bradford, but was glad to find them so well represented.

Presently Lettice offered to show him his room, hoping, down in the depths of her heart, that he would say that, as her parents were absent, he would only stop for a call; but no—he replied that, as he had

just come off a journey, he *should* like to go to his room for a little while.

Then Lettice and Phoebe adjourned to the kitchen, a very wretched and perplexed pair, to consult on the possibilities of supper.

"We can't have raised bread, because it takes forever for it to rise. I know enough for that," said Lettice. "We must make some kind of biscuit."

"That's easy enough," said Phoebe. "I never made any myself, but I know how it's done; you just take some milk, and saleratus, and flour, and stir them together, and bake them in a tin—that's all there is to it; only be sure and get in enough saleratus, because that is what makes them light."

"How much is enough?" asked Lettice. "Will half a teacupful do?"

"Oh, that's too much—they taste of it if there's too much. I think a heaping tablespoonful will be plenty."

So the biscuits were made. Then Lettice ferreted out some rich plum-cake and preserves, which Mrs. Bradford, in common with other thrifty housekeepers, always kept in the house against time of need, and when all was ready, the two girls were well satisfied with the result of their efforts.

Their satisfaction was of brief duration, however, for as soon as they tested the biscuit, they saw that something was amiss. Uncle Jasper saw it, too; that was plain enough, though he made no comments. As for Bob, he added to his sister's confusion by sundry kicks under the table, accompanied with mysterious winks and nods. When the miserable meal was over, and Uncle Jasper had retired to the parlor, Bob's indignation burst forth in this wise:

"Well, if I was two great grown-up girls like you, and couldn't make better bread than that, I'd 'prentice myself to a cook."

"It was awful," said Lettice, laughing in spite of her mortification; "but what was the matter? Was it the saleratus?"

"To be sure it was," said Bob. "I'm used to it. All the fellows at our boarding-house are, but I never saw anything quite equal to that."

"I don't see why uncle couldn't drink his tea, anyhow," said Lettice. "He scarcely touched it. Do you see anything wrong with it, Phoebe?"

"It has a queerish taste, seems to me," said Phoebe, sipping a little; "but I never drink it, so I'm not a reliable judge."

"I'm sure I took particular pains with it," said Lettice. "I made it with warm water, and settled it with fish-skin." Lettice was here interrupted by a smothered "te, he" from Patty.

"What are you laughing at, Patty?" asked she.

"Nothing, Miss Lettice, only I never heard of settling tea with fish-skin before."

"There are a great many things you never heard of, child," said Lettice, severely. "Mother always settles the tea with fish-skin, and so does everybody else who knows anything."

Patty seized a pile of plates and retreated to the kitchen, uttering a series of "te, he's," which finally broadened into a laugh.

"And now what shall we do for breakfast?" said Lettice.

After some consultation, Phoebe proposed that Patty should be sent out to borrow bread of a neighbor, while Bob was sent to the butcher's for a beef-steak.

But to recount all the experience of Lettice at this critical period would prolong my sketch unduly. Suffice it to say that the beefsteak for breakfast was very good, excepting that it was fried in tallow, that

the roast chicken was tender, but had an unaccountably bitter taste, owing to the fact that the dressing was made with wormwood instead of sage—a mistake which was not discovered till the return of Mrs. Bradford.

Uncle Jasper stayed two days, and then concluded to go away, and come again at a more convenient season. His next Christmas present to Lettice was a copy of "Miss Beecher's Cook Book," which she made such good use of that when, on a subsequent visit, Uncle Jasper praised the bread he was eating, her father proudly replied: "Lettice made that. Lettice bids fair to rival her mother as a housekeeper yet."

## LOVE OF READING.

**A** PART from spiritual and heavenly blessings, there is no boon I should so much desire for a dear friend as a real, hearty love of reading—a love of it for its *own* sake; not merely as a means of "killing time;" not only as a mark and a means of culture and intelligence; not even solely as a means of gaining useful knowledge; but as a sincere pleasure in the pursuit itself. Not a craving taste for the sentimental trash and improbable absurdities of the "weakly story-papers," but a fondness for good literature, and appreciation of its worth and beauties.

If weary with much toil and many cares, what so thoroughly rests both mind and body as an hour or so, or even less, with a good and cheerful book?—even if it should be a "love story!"—that fearful bug-bear to the minds of so many good, mistaken souls, who never *had* any love story of their own—at least, none not that was fully developed and honestly admitted and enjoyed. Such are they who groan heavily and sigh deeply over the announcement of a wedding, be it of never so fair promise for the future, and who cast a shadow over the joy of the happy bride by telling her "she little knows the trouble she is coming to; she'd better have known when she was well off, and stayed as she was—such a good home as *she* had!" As if *any* lot in life was exempt from trouble; as if any condition on earth was secure from change; as if "good homes" were never broken up by the death of kind parents, the family circle scattered, and the favored daughter turned adrift in the cold world, homeless!

Out upon your gloomy theories, ye mistaken ones! Pile up your "Whole Duty of Man," and "Fox's Book of Martyrs," and Watts's hymns, and the old spelling-book of your long-ago school-days, in one rectangular pyramid on the stand in the best room, and let the dust gather and the mould darken upon them, and welcome; and nod over your Sunday chapter in the "big Bible" in peace; and canvass neighborhood scandals and friends' affairs, for want of other occupations for your minds. But give me, first of all, best of all, dearest of all, the precious Bible itself—clear of print, strong of cover, of convenient size for daily use—to be taken up readily whenever the world-weary heart thirsts for the waters of life; *not* to lie on the stand all the week, too bulky for ready handling. Nothing can take its place; if we could have but *one* book, it should be this. But we are *not* so restricted. God does not limit us to one article of food, one sort of landscape, one kind of flower or tree, one hope, joy or comfort of any kind. He gives us variety.

So, after this *best* book, let me range on my shelves, to be read and re-read with much delight, Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray and Fargeon; Mrs. Brown-ing, Holmes, Whittier and Bryant; Mrs. A. D. T.



Whitney, Miss Alcott and Mrs. Stowe; Augusta Larned's pen-photographs of nature's lovely things; Miss Warner's prose poems, and many another, which time and space fail to enumerate.

A queer and varied collection, truly!—and, alas, only an *ideal* one as yet! Mrs. Whitney's "Hitherto" is the only one of her books I have yet had the pleasure of reading; for that I should like to thank her; and Miss Phelps for "Gates Ajar;" or Mrs. Stowe for "Uncle Tom" and "The Minister's Wooing."

A good book is always a good adviser—suggestive, helpful, instructive. You can take its advice without puffing it up with a sense of its own superiority, or wounding your own pride and self-esteem. How many a time does it point a better way out of some perplexity than your own knowledge or experience can furnish! How many a lesson of profit to yourself and others have you learned from books! How many a fault have you corrected, after seeing the like depicted in all its deformity by some ready writer!

A certain wise and kindly home critic says I have not made sufficiently clear the sort of "love-stories" to be read. So let me add, briefly, that I mean simply those that are pure, and natural, and probable; *not* those that are wild, exciting, sensational, improbable—far less impure. A taste for good reading is your best protection against bad books, trashy books, or foolish ones.

A good magazine, on its regular visits, is a kind of home missionary that sometimes effects more good than the ordained ones. I imagine no household would go very far wrong that welcomes ARTHUR's, and Scribner's, and Harper's, and the *Sunday Afternoon*—any or all of them. And I am still child enough to like *St. Nicholas*—aside from Jules Verne's astonishing absurdities, and kindred ones.

E. M. CONKLIN.

### OUR SISTERS ACROSS THE WATER.

ONE may well wonder if the idea of woman's rights has ever dawned upon the mind of the hard-working women of the laboring classes in Europe. A view of their condition might modify in some respects the opinion of many progressive women of our land regarding their many wrongs and withheld rights. A year's experience of a Swiss woman's life would send them back to their own blessed land of privilege with a heart overflowing with thankfulness that their lot had been cast here.

Indeed, it is one of the greatest hindrances in the way of a sensitive tourist's enjoyment, this miserable system of woman's servitude. The traveler among the beautiful valleys and hills of Tyrol, sees often the women yoked with cattle, or a dog, dragging heavy burdens. Or, worse still, carrying on their backs great baskets containing a heavier load than a man would take here, carrying it up steep mountain sides, over almost impassable paths. These baskets are sometimes loaded with earth, which the men, with pipes in their mouths, complacently fill, and then the poor beast of burden walks off with it to the place where it is to be dumped. It is quite a coming down from the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, to see the hard-visaged, toiling Scotch women as they work in the fields with a man for an overseer. No wonder they have lost the fair lines and the sweet grace of heart and form which the great "Wizard of the North" so loved to portray.

How can American women fail to be grateful for the blessed government under which they live? In-

stead of wasting all their sympathies on a few women of ample means, whom the laws of the land compel to pay taxes, even though they do not vote, would it not be well to give a few grains of pity to those burdened sisters just across the water, and try to move the powers of the earth to grant them a little lightening of their burdens?

MILLIE.

### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

ONE of the late New York papers had a graphic illustration of the popular boys' reading of the day, in two pictures on opposite pages. One had under it "Cause," the other "Effect." The first represented a youth who had fallen asleep in a pool of such reading as the *Boys of New York*, and its like, while the air was filled with cloud-pictures of the demoralizing scenes in which the mind had been reveling.

The next page was no fancy or unreal picture, but a sad, bitter reality. The same youth, in a convict's dress, sat in his prison-cell upon his hard cot, his face buried in his hands. This was the "Effect." But it did not take in the heart-broken friends that mourned at home over this blighting of high hopes and early anticipations.

Almost all the young criminals from intelligent circles have been diligent readers of this class of literature.

It is a matter of most intense moment to every parent to see what the boys and girls are reading. Harsh commands will not suffice. Indeed, they may have exactly the opposite effect. There must be a counter attraction in good literature, liberally supplied. Books of a pleasing as well as an instructive character are indispensable, as are also good magazines and papers in abundance.

Talk over the books you read around the home fireside. Show an interest in them yourself, and they will be twice as interesting to the children.

Here it will not answer to grudge money. Ten dollars in literature may save hundreds of dollars in lawyers' fees further on, not to speak of the saving to torn and bleeding hearts.

J. E. McC.

### TO GIRLS.

AN English magazine, which circulates in what is known as "good society," gives the following advice to girls who are asked to marry:

Never marry a man who has only his love for you to recommend him. It is very fascinating, but it does not make the man. If he is not otherwise what he should be, you will never be happy. The most perfect man who did not love you should never be your husband. But though marriage without love is terrible, love only will not do. If the man is dishonorable to other men, or mean, or given to any vice, the time will come when you will either loathe him or sink to his level.

It is hard to remember, amidst kisses and praises, that there is anything else in the world to be done or thought of but love-making; but the days of life are many, and the husband must be a guide to be trusted—a companion, a friend, as well as a lover.

Many a girl has married a man whom she knew to be anything but good, "because he loved her so." And the flame has died out on the hearthstone of home before long, and beside it there has been sitting one that she could never hope would lead her heavenward.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### THE WASP'S NEST.

**D**ARK-niched amid the vine-clad wall,  
Bulges its rough, drab-colored ball,  
And in and out forever flit  
Black, wiry shapes that people it.

Though dim to see, though frail and slight,  
It teems with venom and with spite;  
A bad, grim thing to dwell so near  
The fragrant garden's balmy cheer.

Ah, why, amid the vast domain  
Of nature's variable reign,  
Inevitably must we meet  
The bitter mingled with the sweet?

Why do her loveliest moods relate  
To stern antagonisms of hate?  
Why from her beauties may we guess  
Antipodes of hideousness?

The wasps that group in baleful bands  
Among our temperate northern lands,  
Perchance, as now, where softly glows  
The velvet of some wine-red rose,

Are kindred in strange, fatal way  
To the dread cobra, coldly gray,  
That through fierce heat of tropic hours  
Crawls deadly under Javan flowers!  
*Appleton's Journal.* EDGAR FAWCET.

### YOU AND I KNOW.

**O** BLITHE little robin, a-calling to me  
From your uppermost perch in my palmetto-  
tree:  
Is there anything sweeter, in all the sweet world,  
Than the quiet where your wings and my wings are  
furled?

I lean to my lilies, yet listen to you,  
With face in the sunshine, with feet in the dew;  
And I answer you back again, singing, "O ho!  
*Who cometh cheerily?—You and I know.*"

And what does it matter to you or to me  
That sorrow is somewhere on shoreland or sea?  
We two are as safe as the stars are, my bird,  
And the whisper of want is a whisper unheard.

But somewhere the dark is! and somewhere the  
snows,  
Are guarding the gravelets of lily and rose!  
No robin sings there; and the winds are as wild  
As the destiny waiting for Nobody's child.

Yet sing, O my pretty one! Sing in the calm  
That holdeth and foldeth your perch in the palm!  
Let the notes flutter high, let the notes flutter low—  
For never our one world is under the snow.

Honey-bees hide in its blossoming clover,  
Shaking the dainty dewdrops under and over;  
Murmuring something too sweet for a name—  
Summer and Winter time ever the same.

Look—O my darling! Look over the hill,  
And see if one crosseth the bridge by the mill;  
For the rollicking breezes are suddenly grown  
Of tenderer touch and of tenderer tone;

And I think—ah, no matter! Sing, little bird,  
A melody sweeter than ever was heard;  
And I'll answer merrily, shouting, "O ho!  
*Who cometh cheerily?—You and I know.*"  
*Baldwin's Monthly.* HESTER A. BENEDICT.

### SONG—THE WEDDING-DAY.

**S**WEETHEART, name the day for me  
When we two shall wedded be,  
Make it ere another moon,  
While the meadows are in tune,  
And the trees are blossoming,  
And the robins mate and sing.  
Whisper, love, and name a day  
In this merry month of May.

No, no, no,  
You shall not escape me so!  
Love will not forever wait;  
Roses fade when gathered late.

Fie, for shame, Sir Malcontent!  
How can time be better spent  
Than in wooing? I would wed  
When the clover blossoms red,  
When the air is full of bliss,  
And the sunshine like a kiss.  
If you're good I'll grant a boon:  
You shall have me, sir, in June.

Nay, nay, nay,  
Girls for once should have their way!  
If you love me wait till June:  
Rosebuds wither picked too soon.  
*Atlantic Monthly.* E. C. STEDMAN.

### TO MYSELF.

**L**ET nothing make thee sad or fretful,  
Or too regretful;  
Be still.  
What God hath ordered must be right,  
Then find it in thine own delight,  
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow  
About to-morrow,  
My heart?  
One watches all with care most true,  
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,  
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,  
Nor seek earth's favor,  
But rest.  
Thou knowest what God wills must be  
For all His creatures—so for thee—  
The best.

PAUL FLEMMING, 1609-1640.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### RECIPES.

**HOW TO MAKE GOOD SOUP.**—Good soups are wholesome and digestible; but few cooks know how to prepare them. They are ruined by too much grease. Soup, to be good and palatable, should be made of lean meat, boiled, or rather simmered, for a long time—say half a dozen hours—then strained and boiled again. A little browned flour, prepared as Germans do for their "burnt meal soup," gives it a dark color. Above all things, keep away grease from soup, commonly known as "fat," if you want the soup to digest in the next six or eight hours.

A knuckle of veal, boiled in a gallon of water down to a jelly, can, when cold, be cut into pieces, and used as "stock" for several days, each time adding as much of the stock as will make sufficient soup for the meal. With this, vegetables of nearly all kinds cut up fine can be used to advantage—say turnips, carrots, tomatoes, also asparagus and peas, with barley, rice, etc. The older the stock gets, the better the soup, always providing that it is well boiled, the vegetables thoroughly done, and the whole preserved sound in warm weather.

**WAFFLES, I.**—Mix one quart of sweet milk, one heaping quart of sifted flour, five tablespoonfuls of yeast, a little salt; set it over night. In the morning add two well-beaten eggs and a tablespoonful of melted butter; bake in waffle-irons.

**WAFFLES, II.**—Sift one teaspoonful cream of tartar, the same of salt, with three cupfuls of flour, dis-

solve one-half teaspoonful of soda in a very little hot water, two well-beaten eggs, two cupfuls sweet milk, one tablespoonful melted butter; mix well. Add the flour at the last, and if the batter is too thick pour in a little more milk; bake in waffle-irons, and dredge with powdered sugar before sending to table.

**TO WASH RED FLANNEL.**—Make a warm suds; use very little soap (it hardens the flannel); add a teaspoonful of pulverized borax to every pail of water; rub on the board, or, if possible, only with the hands; rinse in one plain warm water; wring or press very dry; shake well before hanging in a shady place to dry.

**SNOW PUDDING.**—Pour one pint of boiling water on half a box of gelatine, add the juice of one lemon and two cups of sugar. When cool, strain, add the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, then beat the whole well together and pour into a glass dish. Make a custard of the three yolks and one whole egg, one pint of milk, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, flavor with vanilla, and pour it over the jellied part.

**APPLE TAPIOCA.**—Core nine tart apples, and fill the opening with butter and sugar; strew some sugar over them, then add one dessertspoonful of dry tapioca to each apple; put water around nearly to the top of the apples. Bake slowly. It is better to make the tapioca over night.

**TO PREVENT PIE CRUST FROM SOAKING.**—Glaze the under crust with beaten egg.

## Literary and Personal.

**SPEAKING OF MR. BRYANT,** Dr. Holland, in *Scribner's Magazine*, says that he was a poet who could take care of himself and get a living. "He could not only do this, but he could do a wise and manly part in guiding the politics of the country. He could not only manage his own private and family affairs in a prosperous way, but he could discharge his duties as a citizen and a member of society. In his own personal character and history, he associated probity with genius, purity with art, and the sweetest Christianity with the highest culture. He has proved to all the younger generation of poets that hysterics are not inspiration, that improvidence is not an unerring sign of genius, that Christian conviction and Christian character are not indications of weakness, but are rather a measure of strength, and that a man may be a poet and a poet a man. So much of a certain sort of eccentricity has been associated with the poetic temperament and with poetic pursuits, that, in some minds, the possession of practical gifts and homely virtues is supposed to invalidate all claims to genius. If Mr. Bryant's life had accomplished nothing more than to prove the falsity of this wretched notion, it would have been a fruitful one. It certainly is to be hoped that the world is outliving the fancy that a man, in order to be a great poet, must be an infidel in the realm of religion, a spendthrift in his habits, an unsafe man with women, a wine-bibber at his table, and a man whose butcher and tailor are sufferers by whatsoever sums they may trust to him.

Let us be thankful that Mr. Bryant has made it eminently proper for genius to be respectable and well-behaved, and that laziness, and improvidence, and licentiousness can never quote his example among their excuses. At a time when feeble men with a poetic streak in them running through a worthless nature and character are striving to attract attention, and when irreligion and immorality are determined to assert a respectable place for themselves in the world's regard, the celebration of Mr. Bryant's virtues, even though it be held above his grave, comes like a benign reproof and a sweet benediction to his countrymen."

**GEORGE ELIOT,** author of "Daniel Deronda," is thus described by Charles Warren Stoddard: "My hand was held for a moment by a lady in the plainest possible attire, who is thus vaguely described in Routledge's 'Men of the Time': 'George Eliot, said to be the daughter of a clergyman, born about 1820.' Somewhat to my surprise, I found her intensely feminine. Her slight figure—it might almost be called diminutive—her gentle, persuasive air, her constrained gesticulation, the low, sweet voice—all were as far removed from the repulsive phenomenon, the 'man-woman,' as it is possible to conceive. The brow alone seemed to betray her intellectual superiority; her face reminded me somewhat of the portrait of Charlotte Brontë, that every one is familiar with. Yet there was no striking similarity; I should rather

say, the types of face and head are the same. When she crossed the room to call attention to a volume under discussion, she seemed almost like an invalid, and evidenced also an invalid's indifference to fashion and frivolity in dress. \* \* \* I shall never forget the absolute repose of Mrs. Lewes, the deliberation with which she discussed the affairs of life, speaking always as if she were revealing only about a tenth part of her knowledge upon the subject in question. With her it seemed as if the tides had all come in; as if she had weathered the ultimate storm; as if circumstance and not desire had swept her apart from her kind and left her isolated, the unrivaled mistress of all passionless experience."

JOAQUIN MILLER's personal appearance and dress excite as much surprise and comment in England as his writings have done. This pen-portrait of him is from the *London World*: "He has a fine, square forehead, long, deep-set gray eyes, and an expression of mingled defiance and melancholy altogether very difficult to describe. He wears his hair very much longer than is customary in this country, and his chestnut beard grows in picturesque luxuriousness whither it listeth. His manners are pre-eminently the manners of a child of nature; but his conversation, though often wild and incoherent, never degenerates into commonplace, and is invariably of things instead of persons."

A GOOD STORY is told of Mrs. Mackay, wife of the illustrious bonanza Californian. It is said that the lady applied to the prefect of the Seine for permission to place electric lights in front of her house in such a manner that they would illuminate the Arch of Triumph, so that her guests on a certain occasion might have a dazzling view of that architectural wonder, the Mackay mansion being near the arch.

The prefect found it impossible to grant the request, but the lady, like all ladies, insisted, and when a flat refusal was given, she said, "Well, how much is your arch worth?"

THELWALL, says Coleridge, thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he: "it is covered with weeds." "Oh!" I replied, "that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil toward roses and strawberries."

JOHN C. HAMILTON, a son of Alexander Hamilton, gives to a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Times* this pathetic incident of his father: "The day before the duel (with Aaron Burr). I was sitting in a room, when, at a slight noise, I turned around and saw my father in the doorway, standing silently there and looking at me with a most sweet and beautiful expression of countenance. It was full of tenderness and without any of the business preoccupation he sometimes had. 'John,' he said, when I had discovered him, 'won't you come and sleep with me to-night?' His voice was frank, as if he had been my brother instead of my father. That night I went to his bed, and in the morning very early he awakened me, and taking my hands in his palms, all four hands extended, he said, and told me to repeat, the Lord's Prayer. Seventy-five years have since passed over my head, and I have forgotten many things, but not that tender expression when he stood looking at me in the door, nor the prayer we made together the morning before the duel."

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FOR the last weeks of summer, little is seen that we have not already noted. The kilt suits, the yoked skirts, the cut-away jackets, the pretty, lace-trimmed lawns and dotted mulls, the sheeny, bourette grenadines, the contrasting vests, the Leghorn and the tarlatan hats, the wide collars and cuffs, the lace and muslin ties, the embroidered gloves, the long mittens and the colored hosiery, are still at the height of their popularity.

With plain lawns, or white waists, brunettes frequently fasten a cluster of jacquemint or magenta roses at the neck, drooping toward the left side, and a similar cluster of smaller ones in the hair, just peeping under the edge of the hat, especially if a dark, plain one. Dresses of opaque white, as cambric, nainsook or Victoria lawn, may be trimmed with colored embroidery. Deep blue, pale blue, cardinal, pink, brown and black are used, separately or combined, with quite a pretty effect. Bows formed of many loops of double-faced ribbon, of several colors, may be arranged lavishly or sparingly upon a dress, according to the taste and fancy of the wearer. For instance, upon a white cambric, the ribbons may be pale blue, pale pink and white; upon a black hernani, they may be gold-color, cardinal and black. In this way a lady may often freshen up a last season's dress for present wear. With white, too, are

worn belts, loops, neck-ribbons, wristlets and chataine pockets of black velvet—either one, several or all of these.

Basques are becoming quite short in front, extending not more than five or six inches below the waistline. They, however, remain very long behind. Soft facings of barred crinoline muslin are used in silk skirts instead of stiff wiggings. Very small buttons are being used again on dress waists. They are both jet and crocheted. Sleeves are still made to fit to the arm closely, and have very small cuffs, if any. More often they are merely left open on the outer seam, buttoned by two or three buttons and buttonholes, and are worn with lace cuffs, or a frill of crêpe lisse, or lace. English turned-over collars are made very high. They should not be corded or thickly interlined.

Common sense and good taste must, in the long run, prevail. We are informed that short walking-skirts will be the mode for the new costumes for autumn and winter. Despite the resistance made by dressmakers, Parisian ladies at the present time are wearing short dresses in the street, reserving their trains for the carriage and evening wear. Their lawn, batiste and woollen dresses all have the plain, round walking-skirt.

Other indications for fall styles are, that there will be a return to bouffant drapery and paniers. Short sacques will be entirely superceded by long coats and mantles.



## Scientific, Useful and Curious.

**ANCIENT PERFUMERY.**—M. Jules Simon traces back the origin of perfumes to the early times of the Chinese Empire, and mentions a curious habit which prevailed amongst the fine ladies of the Celestial Empire of rubbing in their hands a round ball made of a mixture of amber, musk and sweet-scented flowers. The Jews, who were also devoted to sweet scents, used them in their sacrifices, and also to anoint themselves before their repasts. The Scythian women went a step farther, and, after pounding on a stone cedar, cypress and incense, made up the ingredients thus obtained into a thick paste, with which they smeared their faces and limbs. The composition emitted for a time a pleasing odor and on the following day gave to the skin a soft and shining appearance. The Greeks carried sachets of scent in their dresses, and filled their dining-rooms with fumes of incense. Even their wines were often impregnated with decoctions of flowers, or with sweet-scented flowers themselves, such as roses and violets. There were also appropriate scents for each limb and each feature, and the elegants of Athens resorted to such effeminate refinements of luxury, anointing pigeons with a liquid perfume and causing them to fly loose about a room, scattering the drops from their feathers over the heads and garments of those who were feasting beneath.

**THE SAGACITY OF ANTS.**—Professor Leidy, in a recent article, states that, in order to ascertain whether a house he had just entered was (as he suspected) seriously infested with red ants, he placed a piece of sweet cake in every room. At noon every piece was found covered with ants. A cup of turpentine oil being provided, each piece was picked up with forceps, and the ants tapped into the oil. The cake was replaced, and in the evening was again found covered with ants. The same process was gone through the following two days, morning, noon and night. The third day the number of ants had greatly diminished, and on the fourth there were none. He at first supposed the ants had all been destroyed, but in the attic he observed a few feasting on some dead house-flies, which led him to suspect that the remaining ants had become suspicious of the sweet cake. He accordingly distributed through the house pieces of bacon, which were afterwards found swarming with ants. This was repeated with the same result for several days, when, in like manner with the cake, the ants ceased to visit the bacon. Pieces of cheese were next tried with the same result, but with an undoubted thinning in the number of ants. When the cheese proved no longer attractive, dead grasshoppers were supplied from the garden. These again proved too much for the ants, but after a few days' trial neither grasshoppers nor anything else attracted them; nor has the house been infested with them since.

**THE DREAMING OF PLANTS AND ANIMALS.**—Mr. Francis Darwin, lecturing at the London Institution on the analogies of plant and animal life, said: There is one, but only a fanciful resemblance, between the sleeping plants and animals, namely, that both have the power of dreaming. I have been sitting quietly in the hot-house at night, waiting to make an observation at a given hour, when suddenly the leaf of a sensitive plant has been seen to drop rapidly to its fullest extent and slowly rise to its old position. Now in this action the plant is behaving exactly as if it had been touched on its sensitive joint;

thus some internal process produces the same impression on the plant as a real external stimulus. In the same way, a dog dreaming by the fire will yelp and move his legs as if he were hunting a real instead of an imaginary rabbit.

**BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE PAPER.**—Since the existence of the Bank of England, the paper for its notes has been made by the Portal family, whose ancestors came over from Brodeaux in a barrel after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, bringing with him the art of making fine paper, which, like those of silk-weaving and dyeing scarlet, was, up to that time, unknown in England. Except by burglary, against which precautions are taken, it is absolutely impossible to obtain a scrap of the beautifully water-marked paper produced at that mill on the Test which gruff William Cobbett denounced as the foundation of England's "fictitious prosperity." Every piece of bank-note paper is registered before it is removed from the frame, an account is kept by a locked dial, and every damaged note is accounted for, before being ground up again into pulp. Mr. Portal's paper-mill, is the most symmetrical of industrial institutions.

**THE HOP AS A POT-HERB.**—In Belgium the hop is in universal use as a "boiled dish." The young shoots are cut as soon as they are two or three inches above the ground, and boiled in salt and water; they are then dried, and sprinkled with the juice of a lemon to keep them white. Before serving, put them again over the fire for a few minutes, with salt and plenty of butter; then add eggs mixed with milk, when they may be eaten like asparagus, to which they are not inferior. Managed in this way, they make a most delicate dish.

**CHARMED BY A RATTLESNAKE.**—A Florida paper tells the following rattlesnake story: We learn that near the plantation of Mr. Turner a most singular scene occurred—the charming of a thirteen-foot alligator by a rattlesnake. It appears that his snakeship first saw the 'gator, and beating the roll call with his rattles he attracted the latter's attention. Then began the charming process, which lasted fully half an hour. The 'gator at first turned his head twice or thrice, but was immediately called to order by the rattles of the snake. Toward the end of the half hour, with fixed eyes, the alligator moved slowly toward his terrible enemy, until within striking distance, when the snake curled himself more compactly, and with all the strength he could muster, struck the alligator. For a moment the alligator shook tremulously, and then as if by magic made a semi-circling backward movement peculiar to their 'gatorships and brought his tail down upon the would-be assassin with a result fatal to the nerves of the rattler. Our informant then dispatched the 'gator, and found no trace of the snake's strike—he had missed his mark. The snake measured six feet, and had nine rattles and one button.

**A NICE JUDICIAL QUESTION.**—A curious case is reported from France in which the buyer of a cow put the payment in paper upon a post, and the animal, which he held by a halter, devoured the cash. The question was as to whether the buyer or seller should be the loser. The judge has decided that the former, having taken possession by holding the rope, was responsible for the misdeed of the beast.

## Pleasant Readings.

### APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE.

A French paper gives an incident that lately happened to a celebrated artist, who is extremely neglectful of his toilet. Leaving his study one day, and walking along the street rather absently, he heard a call from a female voice behind him.

"Here, my man," said a lady, beckoning to him, "can you carry a bundle a little way for me?"

The artist looked at the lady for a moment, saw that she was very handsome, and instead of explaining as he was about to do, he said, "Willingly, madam!" and followed her into a shop.

The bundle was large and heavy, but he lifted it with some effort upon his shoulder, and followed after the lady. She mounted at last to the second story of a house, with the tired porter close at her heels, and began to fumble in her pocket to find the money to pay him. As she did so, the artist looked well at her face, and found it to be one of the most peculiar in its style of beauty, as well as one of the finest he had ever seen.

"Pardon me," he said, as she offered him the money; "I am not a porter; I am an artist, and instead of money will ask a favor of you—to allow me to make a copy of your face. The package was heavy, and the compliment you paid to my dress was not very gratifying; but I shall be well paid if I can send a copy of your beauty to the next exhibition of the Academy."

And so a great artist came by the original of one of the most exquisite pictures which his pencil has put upon canvas.

### A DUTCH PEASANT.

Napoleon, when traveling in Holland, after he had subdued it, visited the house of a peasant. The emperor was accompanied by two aides-de-camp, when the following dialogue took place:

AIDE-DE-CAMP.—Here comes the emperor (addressing himself to the Dutchman).

PEASANT.—What's that to me?

NAPOLEON (entering the house).—Good-morning, my good man.

P. (taking his hat off, but retaining his seat).—Good-morning.

E.—I am the emperor.

P.—You?

E.—Yes, I.

P.—I am glad of it.

E.—I will make your fortune.

P.—I do not want for anything.

E.—Have you any daughters?

P.—Yes, two.

E.—I will provide husbands for them.

P.—No, I will do that myself.

The conqueror of Marengo was so chagrined at this uncourteous reception, that he turned quickly on his heel and left the house.

In Cannes, France, at a boot-maker's shop, the English tourist may find the following inscription, in his own language: "Repairs hung with stage-coach." After long and anxious thought, he may arrive at the cobbler's meaning, who only wished to inform his patrons that "repairs are executed with diligence."

### MIXED BABIES.

The Waco (Texas) *Register* has the following:

Some time ago there was a dancing party given in a certain neighborhood in Texas, and most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to mind the young ones while the parents indulged in an old Virginia breakdown. No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous fellows, than they stripped the babies, changed their clothes, giving the apparel of one to another. The dance over, it was time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a baby in the dress of her own and started, some to their homes, ten or fifteen miles off, and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following, there was a tremendous hubbub in the settlement. Mothers discovered that a single night had changed the sex of their babies, observation disclosed physical phenomena, and then commenced the tallest female pedestrianism. Living miles apart, it required two or three days to unmix the babies, and as many months to restore the mothers to their natural sweet dispositions. To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby mixers to venture into the neighborhood.

A BRIGHT little Kansas boy was sent home from school for bad behavior. A kind neighbor said to him: "Willie, I am sorry to hear such an account of you; I thought you had better principles." "Oh," he answered, "it wasn't the principles; my principles are all right; it was my *conduct* they sent me home for."

THE Dean of Chichester, in a sermon at Oxford University, recently said: "Ye men of science, leave me my ancestors in Paradise, and I do not grudge you yours in the Zoological Gardens."

"I SAY, Paddy, that is the worst-looking horse you drive I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up?" "Fatten him up, is it? Faix, the poor beast can hardly carry the little mate that's on him now."

"I FIND your recommendations very good, Bridget." "Yes, ma'am, and now I'll see yours, ma'am, if you please."

THE first time Jerrold saw a celebrated songwriter, the latter said to him: "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh, yes," said Jerrold, "I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

A PERSON recently met an American lady who is distinguished as having been four times a widow, and has now again entered the bonds of matrimony. Said the friend: "I think I once had the pleasure of dining with you in New York?" "When?" asked the fair stranger. "In 1865," he replied. "Yes," she said reflectively, "that may have been so but I had forgotten it. You see," she added, "it was two or three husbands ago."

"ALWAYS try to hit the nail upon the head, my boy," said an uncle to his nephew; but the nephew's little cousin whispered to him, "Don't hit the nail on your finger, for it hurts awful."

## Notes and Comments.

### The Sick Children of the Poor.

IN our larger cities, the sickness, suffering and mortality among the children of very poor people is always great during the hot summer months. Crowded as they are into narrow courts and alleys, or shut up in tenement-houses, where pure air is impossible, the wonder is that so many of them survive. Of late years, much has been done for the relief of these little ones by kind-hearted people. Sea-side homes have been established, and excursions by land and water made for their benefit, as many as a thousand poor children and their mothers being often taken out of the city for a day, and provided with food and every possible means of recreation.

But something more than the temporary relief of a day's excursion into the country, or down the river, has been provided by a few of our citizens this year, in the "Sanitarium for Sick Children at Point Airy," on Windmill Island, in the Delaware River opposite Philadelphia.

This island is mainly occupied by coal yards and wharves; but at the southern extremity, known as Point Airy, is a grassy spot of about three acres in extent, shaded by large trees. A more desirable place could hardly be found for the establishment of a sanitarium, in which the sick children of the poor may obtain pure air and proper food and attention, free of expense, and in which the mothers may be rested and refreshed. The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company have granted the use of the ground, Messrs. Bines & Sheaff, proprietors of the coal yards, have given free transportation between their wharf at South Street and the island, while a number of philanthropic citizens of Philadelphia have taken the actual work in hand. The Sanitarium is under the efficient charge of Dr. W. H. Hutt.

It is the purpose to erect, at some future time, small cottages, so that all children needing prolonged treatment may be suitably cared for. But for the present there is only a frame building, in which are the physician's office, a kitchen, and a small ward, containing beds for those who are extremely ill. With a few exceptions, the children only remain during the day, playing or being carried about the grounds, and receiving any attention they may require within that period. Many hundreds of children are brought over from the city every day. The poor, meagerly clad, and often wan and wasted mothers, the thin, pale babies, and the older children who cannot be left at home, form a sight to touch the coldest heart. With large numbers, the sad signs of want are too plainly visible.

We warmly commend this benevolent work to the support of our people. Contributions of money, groceries, bedding and children's cast-off clothing, are constantly needed, and will be thankfully received. The charity is one that persons in even moderate circumstances may aid. There are few who cannot spare something from their houses, or tables, or from their children's wardrobes. Donations may be sent to Dr. Hutt on the island, to the office of Messrs. Bines & Sheaff, 114 South Fourth Street, or to either of the following gentlemen, from whom may be obtained tickets to visit the Sanitarium: W. W. Malloy, President, 1332 South Fourth Street; S. J. Lynch, Secretary, 419 Dickinson Street; Eugene

Wiley, M. D., Treasurer, 330 Reade Street; W. H. Myers, 729 Walnut Street, and Daniel Baugh, 20 South Delaware Avenue.

### Who has the Highest Honor?

THE man of wealth, or the man of character? The man who points to his money, or to his sullied reputation? To his millions, or to his pure and useful life? The world rarely errs in its final judgment of men; and generally sets them down for what they are intrinsically worth.

"The richest man in America died only last year," says a newspaper writer, "worth a hundred millions or so, and invested in such manner that there is no good reason why, after a while, it should not grow to a thousand millions, for the son to whom he left the bulk of it seems to be as wary a financier as his father. But Mr. Vanderbilt had so little happiness in this life that it was possible for the meanest beggar to have more; he did not make his family happy with it either, for to-day they are quarreling like hyenas over his poor old corpse, dragging his wretched, soiled life out for the public to stare at and turn from disgusted. They are doing all this because of that vast fortune he piled up by such devious practices. It is not money that Americans most honor, and it is a libel upon them to say that it is. What they most honor in man or woman is character, something the not having of which made the life of Vanderbilt the wretched muddle it was. The other day William Cullen Bryant died; his countrymen did not know whether he was rich or poor, nor did they care to know, but his death was felt to be a national calamity, and as such it was mourned. Mr. Bryant was best known as the editor of a newspaper that had been honest to the public, and that in its integrity reflected the truth of its author. Take Mr. Bryant at his best, the best that can be said of him is not that he was a rich man, nor that he was a great poet or a man of genius, put simply that he was a good man. He was practically good, making his goodness felt by the things he did. His life was a happy one, his years all honorable, his death the occasion for common grief. Contrast the life and death of the two men, and then it will be easy to decide that to get money at the price that is being paid for it by so many is to get it too dearly."

### Mothers in Fashionable Society.

THE *New York Tribune*, in commenting not long since upon two sad instances of defection from virtue in young women who had been reared in the atmosphere of what is called the fashionable and "good" society of our great cities, speaks strongly of the responsibility resting upon the mothers.

"The most frightful fact in our social life," says the *Tribune*, "faces us in these stories. It is that there are women in this lowest deep who are not driven there by want or cruelty, nor led there by a betrayed affection; women who have been gently reared, educated, beloved, whose natures are so tainted that they choose to go out, like the prodigal of old, from the home God gave them, to feed with the swine. How many such are hidden in these dens, God only knows; how many remain in their original

position, the records of our divorce courts, the foul gossip with which so-called fashionable society reeks, not only in this country but England, give us an appalling hint. It is useless to ignore this fact. Neither the pulpit nor the press, if it means to help at all in the work of bettering our social life, ought to ignore the fact that a certain portion of American and English society is rapidly becoming as licentious as that of Paris.

"Who is to blame for it? Not human nature. Women and men are born as pure as they were a generation ago. Not Christ's religion. His hand is as strong to save the Magdalen in the streets of New York as of Jerusalem. It is the mothers who are to blame. Mothers in fashionable society in the cities, and in that society which feebly apes the fashion in towns, and villages, and farm places, from Maine to Oregon, who set before their daughters, from their birth, dress, and show, and style, as the sole gods they are to follow. We venture to say that 'style,' that most vulgar of words and things, has done as much to corrupt the women of America as liquor has. Fashion now publishes even the rules for 'first communion dresses,' and sets forth the pipings and coiffure in which an innocent girl may properly approach her God. There is nothing so holy that it is not made subservient to it. It is not the wealthy mother alone who vitiates her child's mind by this worship of folly, but the mechanic's wife, the poor seamstress, whose aim is to 'push her daughter on in society,' to give her stylish dresses instead of a modest heart, a clean mind, and a God-fearing soul. The moral training which such mothers neglect is supplied by hot-pressed, sensational, juvenile literature, and the reports of foul scandals in the daily newspapers. Listen to the precocious gossip of the flaunting, over-dressed school-girls who parade the streets on a holiday, and the tragedies which we have mentioned will not seem a strange sequel to such training."

#### An Important Duty.

SAYS a recent writer: "When young men are brought to ruin by extravagant expenditures, the fault is not often wholly their own—and this is especially true of those who are living with their parents and are under age. The father and mother, if they do their duty and are not culpably negligent, will know the amount of the income of the son, and the source from which it is derived, and also pretty nearly what his expenditures are, and the knowledge that they are giving attention to these matters will be a strong check against wrong-doing, if any check is required. They will also know how he spends his evenings, and what his associates are, and if he is spending money freely they will find out where it comes from."

Benjamin Franklin.

IN a notice of Franklin's religious convictions and habits, a writer in the *New York Evening Post* gives an extract from a speech made in the Federal Convention when he was eighty-one years of age, on a motion to open the convention with prayer. In this speech he said: "I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that except the 'Lord build the

house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests; our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war and conquest. I, therefore, beg leave to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business, and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service."

## Publishers' Department.

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We will send, by mail, any of the following temperance books, by T. S. ARTHUR, on receipt of the price:

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#### WHY LONGER REMAIN FAT?

Obesity was considered by the ancients as evidence of coarseness. Even yet the slim forms of the Grecian goddesses are regarded as models of female beauty. Corpulence is now held to be a disease, and Allan's Anti-Fat has fully demonstrated it to be curable. The Anti-Fat chemically neutralizes in the stomach all glucose, saccharine and oleaginous substances, thus preventing the formation of fat. Its use insures a loss of from two to five pounds per week. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. Sold by druggists.



### THE COMPOUND OXYGEN CURE.

Sufferers from chronic diseases, who, in the hope of obtaining relief, have tried one advertised nostrum after another, but with ever the same sad disappointment, become naturally incredulous in regard to every new promise of help and cure.

To aid in removing this incredulity so far as "COMPOUND OXYGEN" is concerned, we publish the following extracts from letters received from their patients by Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, during the brief period of a little over two weeks, or from July 1st to 18th of this year. We have examined the letters at their request. The extracts are genuine.

From Peterborough, Ontario, Canada, John Chambers writes: "I have nearly finished the Home Treatment, and can truly say, that I never had anything yet in the shape of a remedy that gave me so much satisfaction."

Sister Mary Alice Thomas, of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, Norfolk, Virginia, writes: "My improvement is wonderful, though slow. I have gained in flesh and they say that I appear twenty years younger. With most grateful thanks, and the wish that I could spread the reputation of your wonderful agent, I am, etc."

Madame E. Naglee Williams, of Brussels, Belgium, writes, July 4th: "I hope you have already sent the box as per order in my last letter, as I feel so much benefited by the Treatment, I would like to continue it. \* \* \* My nerves are stronger, and I feel very certain that the Oxygen has been efficacious in removing a chronic neuralgia, for which I am truly thankful."

Elizabeth O. Page, Cardington, Ohio, says: "Although still far from being well, yet I have great reason to be thankful for the benefits received from your Treatment. My constitutional vigor is greater; my nerves more quiet and steady; my brain, although by no means wholly relieved as to suffering, yet very much ameliorated, and the mental powers increased as to clearness, and steadiness and force."

Rev. O. A. Reed, Richburg, New York, says: "I am so much better than I was, that I am a 'living epistle.' I cannot say too much in praise of your wonderful discovery."

A. A. Brewster, Alameda, California, says: "My improvement has been so marked, that quite a number are thinking of sending for it. \* \* \* I am a walking advertisement for you."

C. B. Thompson, New Castle, Delaware, says: "My general health is very much improved, strength increasing and appetite good. My cough has not given away as much as I expected it to, but find as my strength increases, the cough does not worry me so much, and so have a large amount of hope for the future."

Miss Cordelia Russell, Manhattan, Kansas, writes: "I have followed your direction, and improved rapidly. I feel quite well. \* \* \* If it is only a permanent cure, I shall feel that I can never express my gratitude."

Mrs. M. McLendon, Cushtusa, Mississippi, says: "I have been taking the Oxygen nearly two months. It has done me a great deal of good. I had the headache nearly all the time before using it, but have not had a bad spell since. I am much stronger, but do not gain any flesh."

A retired physician in the State of New York says: "I have read with care your Brochure, and many of

the cases given and treated by the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and freely say, the testimony from so many persons of reputation and character, and your reasonings and facts, ought to influence the most incredulous to take the Treatment in such cases at least as have baffled long perseverance and skill."

A. F. Bishop, Norwalk, Connecticut, writes: "I have made use of Compound Oxygen in the cases of my two boys—eleven and nine years—with great success. The younger was afflicted with a limited degree of chorea and with heart-spasms, the latter a consequent of severe and prolonged diphtheria. Your treatment was begun in mid-winter, and ceased on the first day of April, a period of seven weeks for him. After one week's use, heart symptoms ceased, and that and chorea have never re-appeared. To you I give thanks and blessings, and praise to God."

See advertisement of Drs. Starkey & Palen on fourth cover page of this number.

### GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM.

In this we have a combination for self-instruction in penmanship, consisting of exquisite copy-slips, the execution of which must be seen to be fully appreciated; a beautiful pen-design for framing; also, a tastily-printed book, containing the rules for study, presented in a style and manner that none can fail of understanding. "The rapidity with which Professor Gaskell can dash off penmanship," says the *New York Insurance Monitor*, "which, when executed, resembles the most superb steel engraving, is simply amazing; and he also possesses the peculiar ability of being able to impart to his pupils a knowledge of the processes by which he himself has reached his present grade of perfection in the art chirographic." See advertisement in this number of HOME MAGAZINE.

### STERLING GOODS:

Every buyer of a watch wants not only a good time-keeper, but an article of which every part is strictly as represented. It has been demonstrated that there is great fraud in the quality of the metal put into watch-cases. Such goods can be sold at a low price, but the buyer has been swindled, whatever he has paid, as he has not received what he was led to believe.

No charge of such imposition and fraud can be brought against the AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY, whose WALTHAM watches are so famed for their uniform excellence. The cases of their gold watches are made of "eighteen carat" gold, which is as nearly pure gold as can be made durable. This contains three-fourths pure gold and one-fourth alloy, and every case bearing the stamp of this Company assays up to the standard every time, unlike many other cases which purport to be eighteen carats fine.

In like manner, their silver watch-cases are made of "sterling" metal, which is the English Government standard, and which contains only 75-1000 of alloy, and are stamped "*Sterling Silver*." Every purchaser of either a gold or silver American Watch, manufactured at WALTHAM, gets the worth of his money, not only in the perfection of the works, but in the quality of every ounce of metal employed.

The well-known house of Bailey, Banks & Biddle, state: "Every WALTHAM we sell is accompanied by our own guarantee, in addition to that of the American Watch Company."

PARENTS and young ladies read the advertisement of Trinity Hall School, Beverly, N. J., and send for catalogue to Miss Hunt, Principal.

## CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

To avoid imposition, purchasers of Waltham watches will observe that every genuine watch, whether gold or silver, bears our trade-mark on both case and movement.

Gold cases are stamped "A. W. Co.," and guarantee certificates accompany them. Silver cases are stamped "Am. Watch Co. Waltham, Mass. Sterling Silver," and are accompanied by guarantee certificates, signed R. E. Robbins, Treasurer. The name "Waltham" is plainly engraved upon all movements, irrespective of other distinguishing marks.

Our movements are frequently taken out of their cases and placed in spurious ones, and our cases put upon worthless movements of other makers, thus vitiating our guarantee, which only covers our complete watches.

We have demonstrated by frequent assays that many gold and silver cases offered in the market are debased from 10 to 90 per cent from the quality they assume to be.

"Eighteen carat" gold, such as the Waltham cases are made of, is as nearly pure gold as can be made and be durable. It contains 750-1000 of pure gold, and 250-1000 of alloy.

Sterling Silver (English Government standard) contains 925-1000 of pure silver, and 75-1000 of alloy. The Waltham watches will always be found up to the standard represented.

FOR AMERICAN WATCH CO.,

ROBBINS & APPLETON, General Agents, NEW YORK.

Referring our patrons and the public to the above announcement, we add:

1. That after an experience of forty-six years in selling watches of every grade, from all the best English and Swiss makers, we have never found any to give such perfect satisfaction as the "WALTHAM."

**BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE.**

2. That for accurate time-keeping, durability and reliability, the "WALTHAM" is unequalled.

**BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE.**

3. Every "WALTHAM" we sell is accompanied by our own guarantee, in addition to that of the American Watch Company.

**BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE.**

4. We are the leading house in Philadelphia for the sale of these watches. We keep on hand a complete assortment of every grade and variety. As we buy for cash, we can sell at the very lowest possible figures.

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## ANTI-FAT

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Corpulence is not only a disease itself, but the harbinger of others." So wrote Hippocrates two thousand years ago, and what was true then is none the less so to-day. Sold by druggists, or sent, by express, for 4.50, Quarter-dozen \$4.00. Address,

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, Buffalo, N. Y.

**PIANO** Another battle on high prices. **ORGAN** War with monopolists renewed. See Beatty's latest Newspaper for full reply. Sent free. Before buying **PIANO** or **ORGAN**, read my latest circular. **WAR** LOWEST PRICES EVER GIVEN. Address **WAR** Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J., U. S. A.







[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK &amp; CO.]

**Ladies' and Children's Garments.****MISSSES' KILT SKIRT,  
WITH SCARF.**

No. 6337.—This stylish skirt is composed of suit goods and fitted smoothly at the top by a deep yoke, which is tastefully concealed by a gracefully-draped scarf. The scarf may be tied in a knot or

arranged in any other way pleasing to the taste. The model is in 5 sizes for misses from 11 to 15 years of age. To make the skirt for a miss of 13 years, 10½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 5½ yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**6337***Front View.***FIGURE NO. 1.—BOYS' KILT COSTUME.**

FIGURE NO. 1.—One of our handsomest kilt costumes for a boy is here delineated. It consists of two garments, a jacket and a kilt, and is here represented in navy-blue twilled flannel, trimmed with Titan braid and silver anchor buttons. The model is No. 6332, price 25 cents, and is in 5 sizes for boys from 2 to 6 years of age. It will

**6337***Back View.*

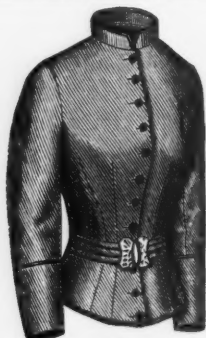
require 5 yards of material 27 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches wide, to make the costume for a boy of 4 years. Machine-stitching or mohair braid may be selected for decoration.

**6301***Front View.***6301***Back View.***6332***Front View.***6332***Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 6301.—This little pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, will require 3½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1¾ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**BOYS' KILT COSTUME.**

No. 6332.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for boys from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a boy of 4 years, will require 5 yards of goods 27 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**6342***Front View.***6309***Front View.***LADIES' BELTED,  
COAT BASQUE.**

No. 6309.—The pattern to this modish basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents. To make the basque as pictured in the engravings

for a lady of medium size, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide.

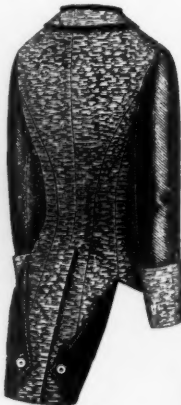
**6309***Back View.***6342***Back View.***LADIES' COAT, (HALF-FITTING.)**

No. 6342.—A very stylish coat, made of cloth, is depicted in these engravings. It is half-fitted to the form by a bust dart in front and seams to the arms'-eyes, and also by a seam down the center of the back. It can be used for basket-cloth, diagonal, *matelassé*, bourette, cashmere or any of the fashionable dress or cloak materials. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make a coat in the style represented for a lady of medium size, 5 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

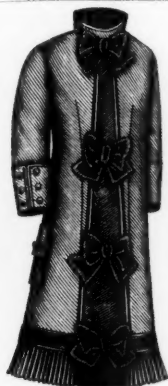
**6338***Front View.***6327***Front View.***LADIES' HABIT  
BASQUE.**

No. 6327.—The pattern to this elegantly fitted basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the basque as illustrated in the pictures for a lady of medium size,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be needed, the sleeves

and facings requiring in addition  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of velvet for their completion. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**6327***Back View.***6338***Back View.***LADIES' CLOAK, (MEDIUM LENGTH.)**

No. 6338.—Beaver cloth, heavy camel's-hair, silk, velvet or any thick suit material is appropriate for the model represented, and any stylish decoration may be added. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**6306***Front View.***6308***Front View.***6308***Back View.***GIRLS' COSTUME.**

No. 6308.—Two shades of suit goods were selected for the charming little dress here illustrated. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the costume for a girl of 7 years,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, together with  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting goods in the same width, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, with  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting goods in the same width, will be required.

**6306***Back View.***MISSSES' POLONAISE, BUTTONED AT THE BACK.**

No. 6306.—Cashmere, silk, bourette, camel's-hair or suit goods of any kind may be employed for the formation of the stylish polonaise depicted in these engravings, with lace, fringe, folds or plaitings for the garniture. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the polonaise for a miss of 12 years,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**GIRLS' POLONAISE.**

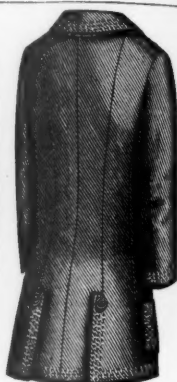
No. 6307.—This little polonaise is made of suit goods and neatly fitted by darts and side-backs. The

**6317***Front View.***6307***Front View.***6307***Back View.***6317***Back View.*

pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 6 years, will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**MISSSES' POLONAISE.**

No. 6317.—The polonaise illustrated is very novel and handsome in effect, and on account of its stylish structure, requires but little decoration. Should the slashes be thought undesirable, wide folds of a contrasting material may be substituted for them. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the polonaise as represented for a miss of 13 years,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**6320***Front View.***6320***Back View.***6303***Front View.***6303***Back View.***MISSES' COAT, WITH REVERS.**

No. 6320.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. It will require  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, to make the coat for a miss of 12 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**MISSES' DOUBLE-BREASTED CLOAK.**

No. 6303.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 11 years,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**6341***Front View.***6298***Back View.***LADIES' KILT-PLAITED SKIRT.**

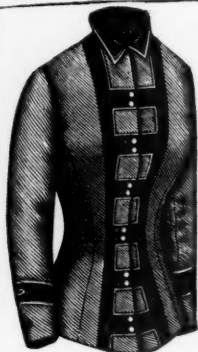
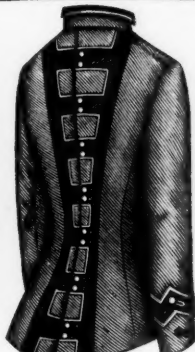
No. 6298.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches waist measure. To make the garment as pictured for a lady of medium size, will require  $11\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $6\frac{3}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**LADIES' POLONAISE.**

No. 6341.—Two shades of suit goods were selected for this polonaise, whose model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches bust measure. To make the polonaise for a lady of medium size, will require  $10\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 5 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**6341***Back View.*



**6331***Front View.***6331***Back View.***6305***Front View.***6305***Back View.***LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 6331.—This basque is in cuirass form, and is fitted by side-fronts, side-backs, bust darts and under-arm gores. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 22 inches wide for the ornamental portions. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 6305.—The vest in this basque is of dark material and the rest of the body of light goods. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of dark in the single width for the vest, cuffs and facings. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**6343***Front View.***6328****LADIES' WRAP.**

No. 6328.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment as shown in the picture for a lady of medium size, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**6343***Back View.***LADIES' ULSTER.**

No. 6343.—Mohair, *de beige*, linen or any Ulster cloth may be employed for the construction of the modish Ulster illustrated in these engravings. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the Ulster in the style represented for a lady of medium size, will require  $8\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**6321***Front View.***6304***Front View.***6304***Back View.***GIRLS' COAT, WITH VEST.**

No. 6304.—The pattern to the coat here represented is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 5 years, will require  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**6321***Back View.***LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.**

No. 6321.—An over-skirt decidedly unique and handsome in effect is here represented as composed of two shades of suit goods. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 25 cents. To make the over-skirt for a lady of medium size, will require 5 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide.

**6340***Front View.***6311***Front View.***6311***Back View.***BOYS' SINGLE-BREASTED, SACK OVERCOAT.**

No. 6311.—The model to this handsome coat is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years of age. Of material 27 inches wide,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards will be required in making the overcoat for a boy of 12 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**LADIES' POLONAISE.**

No. 6340.—A very novel polonaise, constructed of ordinary suit goods, is here represented. The model is suitable for any material and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It will require  $9\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, to make the polonaise as pictured for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

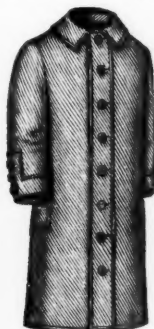
**6340***Back View.*

**6299***Front View.***6302***Front View.***6302***Back View.***GIRLS' COAT.**

No. 6302.—The pattern to this jaunty little coat is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. To make the coat for a girl of 7 years, 2 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.**

No. 6299.—The pattern which these engravings illustrate is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and is suitable for any material made up into costumes. To make the garment as pictured in the engravings for a lady of medium

**6299***Back View.***6336***Front View.***6339***Front View.***6339***Back View.*

size,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**BOYS' SINGLE-BREASTED OVERCOAT.**

No. 6339.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age, and costs 25 cents. Of material 27 inches wide,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards will be needed in making the overcoat for a boy of 6 years. The goods illustrated is a plain overcoating, and the trimming is braid.

**LADIES' POLONAISE.**

No. 6336.—Any of the fashionable fabrics may be selected for the construction of the handsome and stylish polonaise depicted in these engravings. The decorations may remain as illustrated, or they may be varied to please the taste. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the polonaise as represented

for a lady of medium size, 11 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**6336***Back View.*

## LADIES' COAT, WITH VEST.

No. 6335.—The model to this stylish coat is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the coat for a lady of medium size, will require 4½

yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches wide, together with 1½ yard of velvet for the vest, and one yard of silk for facings. The vest may be of silk or of a contrasting material, or of the same if preferred. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6335

Front View.



FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This natty little costume may be constructed from any material and decorated in any way pleasing to the taste. The pattern is No. 6301, which is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and



6335

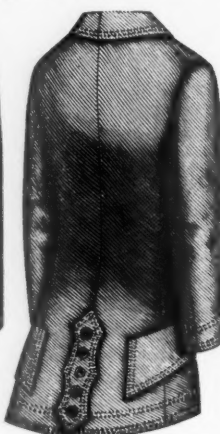
Back View.

costs 20 cents. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, 3¾ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, will be required. The hat is faced with velvet and trimmed with ribbon.



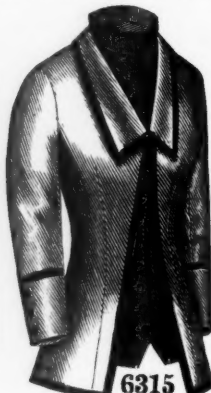
6316

Front View.



6316

Back View.



6315

Front View.



6315

Back View.

## LADIES' FRENCH SACK.

No. 6316.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It will require 4½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, to make the sack as illustrated for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

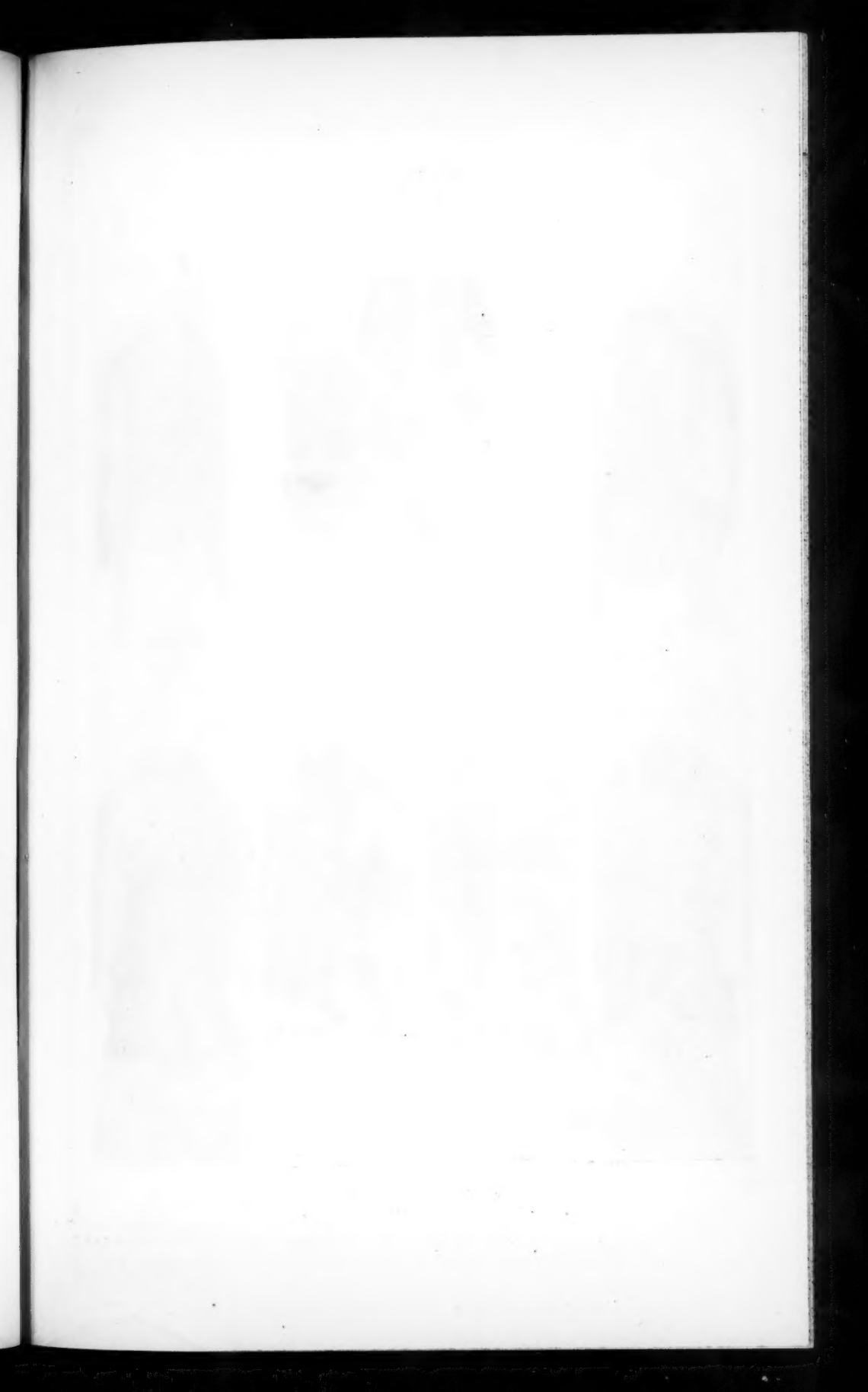
## LADIES' COAT, WITH VEST.

No. 6315.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the coat as pictured for a lady of medium size, will require 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, together with ¾ yard in either width for the vest.

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"But he looked down in her eyes,  
Knew a thing he did not tell,  
E'er her spirit flashed and fell;  
Ah! he knew full well, full well!"—Page 477.

